The Valenian

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The Valenian

Seventh Issue

PUBLISHED BY THE

CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE
VALPARAISO HIGH SCHOOL
VALPARAISO, INDIANA
U. S. A.

DEPARTMENTS

Faculty
Seniors
Senior History
Underclassmen
Prophecy
Class Will
Music
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FOREWORD

ANOTHER year is fast drawing to a close. In all, it has been an eventful one—a full measure of work has been meted out and the pleasures, funs, and frolics will echo in our minds again and again through the years to come. Here we have endeavored to record the greater things of these memorable months. Perhaps we have been successful—perhaps we have failed—but, at least, we have done our best, and so it is with pride and not apologies that we present this, our Annual.

DEDICATION

To Miss Helen M. Benney, whose untiring efforts and undying devotion have endeared her to the members of our Class, we respectfully dedicate this volume.

THE SCHOOL BOARD

M. J. DRAPIER, *President*

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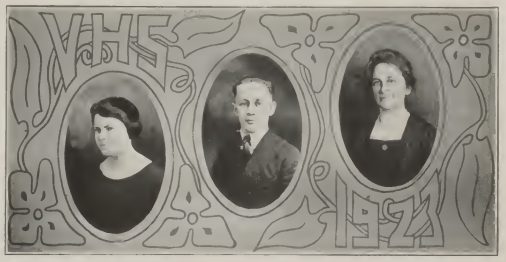

LILLIE DARBY
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MARTHA BOUCHER
Clerk

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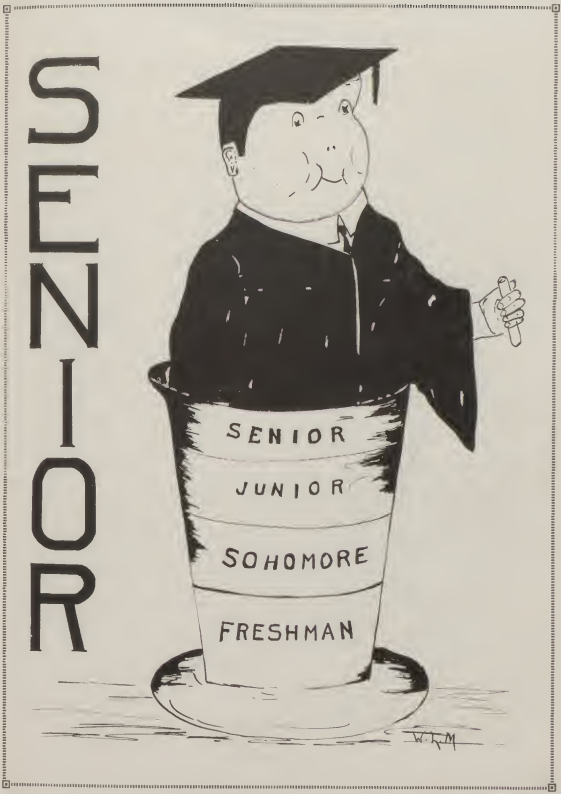
SENIOR
SENIOR
JUNIOR
SOHOMORE
FRESHMAN

OUR SUPERVISOR

MR. JESSEE was our supervisor during our Junior as well as our Senior year, and has proved himself the hardest worker and the best supporter of the class. The success of our various functions has been largely due to his untiring efforts in our behalf, both in the way of gaining privileges for us and in encouraging us to do our part. It is due to his thoughtful advice concerning our difficulties during these two years, that we have succeeded, both as a Junior and as a Senior class. We take this means to thank him for his services to us during this time.

ARNOLD BLAESE

Academic; President, 4; Vaudeville; Glee Club, 4

"Jack" is our popular, patient President, and has proven himself very able to handle the big affairs of our class. His eagerness to help the class has netted us many a dollar.

JESSIE CARD

Latin Course

Jessie is rarely seen without her smile, and pleasant members are always desired by a class. However, Jessie's good qualities do not end merely with pleasantness; she is always on hand to help when help is needed, and is an earnest, hard-working student.

DELPHYNE CORSON

Academic; Play; Yell Leader, 2, 3; Glee Club, 2

"Bones" is always found in the center of the group. When committees are to be selected for anything, she is the first one named. Besides, she is as well liked by her teachers as by her classmates.

GEORGE ALBRIGHT

Academic; Staff; Play

The clever brain beneath George's nut-brown curls has added much to the wisdom of the Senior Class.

GEORGE BENTLEY

Academic; Vaudeville

George is one of the class's best students. His high marks made in Physics and English and the quality of his work in general helps to keep up the standard of the class.

RUTH CROSSLAND

Academic; Oratorical

The initiative of this girl keeps our class meetings at full speed. "Rufus" is known as a public speaker and a good student.

CLARISSA ELY

Academic; Staff; Play; Vaudeville; French Club

"Kissy" is one of the hardest little workers in the school. No matter how busy she is, she always has time for any work to be done for the class. She seems to be happiest when busy, but her studies never suffer because of her social activities. Altogether, Clarissa is a valuable asset to our class.

GERALD BURKE

Academic; Staff; Football Manager

"Juicy" is the pride of our class—our comedian. But still, when something must be done, if he doesn't start it he will finish it. We are certain that his good personality will make him a success.

JESSE BOWMAN

Latin; Editor; Class Baseball, 2, 3; Yell Leader, 4; Glee Club, 4

"Tubby" is one of the most popular members of the Senior Class. His cleverness and peppy disposition have made him a leader among us. He is always on duty, whether it be on a committee or as cheer leader at a basketball game. "Tubby" is the creative genius responsible for this volume.

ALICE FABING

Academic; Staff; Play; Vaudeville; President French Club; Orchestra, 4

We shall always remember Alice for her unusual ability as a violinist. Not only has she rendered many beautiful solos at our entertainments, but she also plays in the orchestra. She has a cheery disposition and is an energetic worker in whatever she attempts to do.

HELEN GUSTAFSON

Academic Course

Helen has the privilege of going to the show every night and getting by with it. This is because she always keeps her work up and has plenty of time to spare. Let it be said that Helen is just the type of girl one likes to have in his or her class.

RALPH BRENNER

Vice-President, 1; Business Manager; Vaudeville; Class Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball Manager, 2, 3, 4; French Club

"Jud's" ability to manage financial affairs would be hard to surpass. He has little to say, but makes what he says count. His willingness to work both in daily and social affairs has made him one of the most popular members of the class.

KENNETH CLEVELAND

Academic; Basketball, 2, 3; Class Baseball, 3

"Lucky" is one of the athletes of our class and is liked throughout the school by students and teachers alike. He has proven himself to be a good student and has a bright future.

IRENE FIELD

Commercial Course

"Here we have with us"—another good student. Irene is one of our bright lights in Civics and English.

IRENE FRAME

Commercial Course

Irene is one of our small but honest students and a good one she is. Her work is also helping to maintain our standard.

TOM CLIFFORD

Academic; Class Baseball, 2, 3; Class Football, 2, 3

Tom is known as an excellent worker. He has a fine class spirit and he realizes that school is a business. His earnestness is bound to bring him success.

ANDREW COLLINS

Academic Course

"Andy" is the heart-breaker of the class. The smile on his face is perpetual, but it has more meaning when reflected on girls. He is a good student and an earnest worker.

EDNA HERMANCE

Academic Course

Edna is one of the quiet members of our class, who seldom says much, but when she does she makes it count. She is another one of our good students.

HELEN GORDON

Academic; Glee Club, 4

"Dutch" is that jolly, bobbed-haired girl with the friendly smile and peppy ways. She has been with us only a year, but in that time has endeared herself to all.

PHILIP DEERY

Academic Course

"Phil" came back at the beginning of the term to graduate with us, and is now rewarded. His peppy disposition has made him well known and liked by his classmates, and we are glad to have him with us.

MERLE DOWDELL

Academic; President, 1, 2; Play; President Music Club, 3; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Class Baseball, 2, 3

"Puddy" is one of the real boosters of the class and was our president for two years. He has shown himself as an actor and we like him.

RUTH HERSHMAN

Academic; Play; Staff; Vaudeville; Orchestra, 3, 4

Often have we sung to Ruth's enchanting strains from the baby grand on the platform, and it is without doubt due to her that Miss Darby has had so much patience with the Orchestra. Ruth is a fine English student and an all-round, good member of the Class of '23.

ALMIRA HORNER

Academic; Oratorical

The character of Almira need not be given in detail, for all who know her realize her winning qualities—a sweet personality, a sunny disposition, and—yes, brains, too.

FRANK DUNCAN

Academic; Football, 2, 3; Oratorical

A more sincere and conscientious student than "Pete" would be hard to find. But he is not all work, indeed not; Frank is always ready for fun and is a great aid in any social activity of the class.

PAUL FISCHER

Academic Course

"Snops" is a rather quiet chap but a jolly good fellow when one really knows him. We feel sure that Paul will succeed in life and will make friends wherever he may go.

EVA KRUSE

Academic; Assistant Editor; Play; Vaudeville; Sec.-Treas. Ath. Assn.; Orchestra, 1, 3, 4; Oratorical

Eva's sunny smile, her sweet disposition, and her willingness to work are attributes which anyone may be proud to possess. When we think of "Pete," we always think of the E's that adorn her grade cards, which have raised the standard of the school.

LOUELLA KEUHL

Academic Course

"Louie" is another one of our quiet, easy-going but hard-working students, without whom we could not get along.

CARL GRUENERT

Academic Course

If there is anyone in school who doesn't know "Cy," he is a new-comer; and if there is anyone who doesn't like him, he doesn't understand human nature. Say—did you ever stop to think how dry that assembly room is going to be without him?

IVAN HAYHURST

Academic; Play; Vaudeville

"Ikey" has become known as a speaker, actor, poet, and playwright—oh, call on him for anything and he will deliver the goods! We like him and are glad to have him with us.

AUDREY LISH

Latin; Glee Club, 4

"Augie" is that quiet little girl so rarely found now. She realizes that school is a place to gain an education and is a conscientious worker.

VICTOR HEMBROFF

Academic; Asst. Bus. Mgr.; Basketball, 2; Class Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 4; French Club, 4

"Vic" is the ladies' man of the class. If early indications mean anything, we predict that he will become a playwright.

GLENN KEENE

Academic; Vaudeville; Baseball, 3; Class Baseball, 1, 2, 3; Glee Club, 3, 4

It is a pleasure to have a manly, businesslike boy like Glenn around. He is a farmer boy, and though lines in his face show a grim determination and a knowledge of hard work, he is kind and very considerate.

WILMA MAXWELL

Latin; Treasurer, 1, 3; Staff

"Billy" enjoys a reputation for lots of solid good sense, and an unlimited capacity for brain work. She is an indispensable asset to her class and a booster through and through.

THELMA McMILLEN

Academic Course

"T" is known for her ability to play the piano, her dry wit, and her all-round good nature.

LYNN KEENE

Academic; Vaudeville; Baseball, 1; Class Baseball, 2, 3; Class Football, 2; Glee Club, 4

Lynn is that big, husky farmer lad that you can't help but liking. His extreme good nature has won him many warm friends.

WALTER KRULL

Academic Course

"Walt" has inherited his brother's privilege of getting in late. But this does not seem to affect the quality of his work; if you would test his amount of gray matter, ask him some questions in Civics.

ALBERTA MUSTER

Latin; Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4

"Bert" is one of the few girls to attempt Physics, but her marks show that she should not regret it. This is proof enough that she is a hard worker—but not a grind.

ALICE PARKER

Latin; Vice-President, 4; Staff; Vaudeville; French Club; Glee Club, 2; Oratorical

Alice's personality has won her a place in all our hearts. She is never idle and always willing to work. Her ability in oratory and dramatics has brought her to the front in these activities.

KENNETH LARSON

Academic; Basketball, 3, 4; Class Basketball, 2, 4; Class Baseball, 2, 3; Class Track, 2; Glee Club, 4

In "Kack" we have an all-'round good fellow. He is one of our best athletes and a very good student. We would say that he has all he could desire—good health, good looks, lots of brains, popularity, 'n' everything.

KENNETH LAWRENCE

Academic; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Football, 3; Glee Club, 2, 3

Let us here mention "Deck's" ability as a basketball player. He was a regular member of our squad in his Junior year, and trained more, possibly, than any other member of the squad. But, like most of "our boys," he is also a good student, starring in Civics.

VIRGINIA RATHJEN

Academic; Secretary-Treasurer, 4

"Toodie" is the collector of dues—not the usual gruff one, for she even thanks the donor. When someone is wanted who can be depended upon to do her duty in a most conscientious manner, Virginia is selected.

EDITH RICHARDS

Academic; Play

"Edie" leads the vanity fair section of our class, but she is by no means vain. She leads in all our social activities and we cannot help but like her.

ERNEST LEMBKE

Scientific; President, 3; Play; Vaudeville; Basketball, 3; Football, 3; Class Basketball and Football, 3; President Ath. Assn., 4; Glee Club, 4; Oratorical

Although his heart is with the Freshies, "Ernie's" mind is entirely with the Seniors. If you think he is not popular, look at his activities above.

DICKEY MITCHELL

Academic; Staff; Play; Football and Class Football 4; Glee Club, 3, 4; Oratorical

Without "Dick," younger member of the "Mitchell Bros.," the class would certainly be lacking one good member. He is active in all our social activities and a leader. He is Miss McIntyre's right-hand man and Mr. Pauley's exponent. Added to these merits, he has a great ability for capturing feminine hearts.

MARY STONER

Academic; Staff; Play; Glee Club, 4

Mary's friends are everywhere, and she has a willing hand and a happy smile for all our activities. Mary is one of those rare combinations of brains and beauty—that is why we like her.

MARGARET TIMMONS

Latin; Staff; Play; Vaudeville; Yell Leader, 4; French Club, 4; Oratorical

"Timmie" has the reputation of being one of the peppiest and most popular girls in the class. It matters not whether the work is to lead yells, give an oration, serve on committees, take part in a play, or to work out some hard assignment—she is always right there.

HERBERT MITCHELL

Academic; Staff; Play; Vaudeville; Football, 4; Class Football, 3; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4

"Herb" has the happy faculty of getting things started, no matter whether it is a recitation in Civics or a party. He was one of the stars in our Play.

DWIGHT NOBLE

Academic Course

"Punk" is another one who came back at Christmas to graduate, and we do not regret it. He hails from Westville, and rides to school on "Old Faithful"—his motorcycle.

RUTH VAN ARSDEL

Academic; Play; Vaudeville; Glee Club, 4

"Rufus" surprised and delighted everyone by her theatrical ability in the Senior play. Besides this, she is a good student and has a pleasing personality that wins her many friends.

ELLA MAE VEVIA

Academic; Vaudeville

Ella Mae has something all desire and few have—tact and calmness. Never does a test nor even such an important thing as an examination seem to worry her.

CHARLES PARKER

Academic; Football, 4; Basketball, 4; Class Baseball, 3; Class Basketball, 4

"Looney" is one of the class comedians. But he is also an energetic student, and has shown his ability on both the gridiron and basketball court.

DE FORREST SEYMOUR

Academic; Football, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Class Basketball and Football, 2, 3, 4; Class Track, 2; Class Baseball, 2, 3; Glee Club, 4

The name Seymour is identical with good, wholesome athletics and hard work. He shines not only on the gridiron but also in Physics and Civics.

EDNA VOSBURG

Academic Course

Edna is another one of our members who does her work without saying much, and without whom we could not get along.

GENEVA WHITE

Academic Course

"Gene" is a good sport in the real sense of the word. She is always willing to do her share and to help someone else. No matter what is suggested, "Gene" will help if it is for the good of the class.

SAMUEL SIMON

Academic; Glee Club, 3, 4; Oratorical

"Sam" is one of the most faithful and loyal supporters the class can boast. He is a faithful, steady worker, and stands high in the estimation of his teachers. He has been a member of our class all through his High School career, and as a result we have never lacked support.

PAUL STEVENSON

Latin; Play; Vaudeville; Tennis, 3; Glee Club, 4; Oratorical

"Steve" is the baby of our class, but in only one sense of the word—his age. He is one of the few who have attempted Virgil, and has become a star.

MYRTLE WILLING

Academic; Vaudeville; Play

"Myrt" wanted to leave her own classmates and graduate with us. To do this, she had to make it in three and a half years. She did, and we are glad to announce it.

VIVIAN WORSTELL

Academic; French Club, 4; Glee Club, 1

Vivian can always be counted on to make good candy when the Seniors need some money. She is a loyal supporter and shines especially at social functions.

CHARLOTTE WULFF

Academic Course

Though she's small and quiet as a mouse, she always makes her presence felt. Nothing has ever been too hard for her to try—a willing worker, always cheerful, and a real booster.

SENIOR CLASS ROLL

ARNOLD BLAESE, *President*

ALICE PARKER, *Vice-President*

VIRGINIA RATHJEN, *Sec.-Treasurer*

MR. JESSEE, *Supervisor*

Albright, George
Bently, George
Blaese, Arnold
Bowman, Jesse
Brenner, Ralph
Burke, Gerald
Card, Jessie
Cleveland, Kenneth
Clifford, Tom
Collins, Andrew
Corson, Delphyne
Crossland, Ruth
Deery, Philip
Dowdell, Merle
Duncan, Frank
Ely, Clarissa
Fabing, Alice
Field, Irene
Fischer, Paul
Frame, Irene
Gordon, Helen
Gruenert, Carl
Gustafson, Helen
Hayhurst, Ivan
Hembroff, Victor
Hermance, Edna
Hershman, Ruth
Horner, Almira
Keene, Glenn
Keene, Lynn
Krull, Walter
Kruse, Eva
Kuehl, Louella
Larson, Kenneth
Lawrence, Kenneth
Lembke, Ernest
Lish, Audrey
Ludington, Alice
Maxwell, Wilma
McMillen, Thelma
Mitchell, Dickey
Mitchell, Herbert
Muster, Alberta
Noble, Dwight
Parker, Alice
Parker, Charles
Rathjen, Virginia
Richards, Edith
Seymour, DeForrest
Simon, Samuel
Stevenson, Paul
Stoner, Mary
Timmons, Margaret
Van Arsdel, Ruth
Vevia, Ella Mae
Vosburgh, Edna
White, Geneva
Willing, Myrtle
Worstell, Vivian
Wulff, Charlotte

LEAVES FROM THE ARCHIVES

AS the doors of dear old Valparaiso High School close upon us for the last time, we look back with pride upon our brief career and we sigh with regret that we shall soon be leaving this hall of learning. Having progressed from Freshmen to Seniors, we desire that we should be remembered as we are, rather than as we were. When we have passed say only this of us, "They took what was given them and made the best of it."

As usual, the members of the class of twenty-three began their High School life quite insignificant but nevertheless ambitious. We had three parties in our Freshman year. Tame little Freshie parties were they; but they seemed quite epoch-making events, for they marked the beginning of our social career. With Miss Ashton as supervisor for two years, and Mr. Jessee the last two years, we have finally reached the culmination of our High School activities. These activities have been many, as we realize when we review them. Military drill, the Boomerang, both of which are now gone; the resurrection of the football team, three sectional basketball tournaments, three operettas, besides other musical entertainments and the usual oratoricals, Junior play, Senior play, and carnival; these it has been our privilege to make memorable.

Little more than half of our Freshman class of nineteen twenty are with us now. Even so, we remain the largest class to graduate from Valparaiso High School, numbering sixty. From this chosen half may be selected our stars, musicians, both instrumental and vocal, actors and actresses, athletes, orators, writers, and students. And may these famous ones shine as brightly among the alumni as they have shone among the high school students the past four years.

The class of nineteen twenty-three has loyally contributed to the athletic triumphs of the past four years. Not being satisfied with winning

the interclass championships in baseball twice, in track twice, and in basketball, we have produced stellar players for the interscholastic meets. Our class has certainly had its share of letter men. Few classes are privileged, as we have been, to see three sectional basketball tournaments, and in this we deem ourselves fortunate. In football, the school is still coming and has not yet struck its pace; but now that we have gained a perspective of the situation we can see the star of Valparaiso High School rising over the gridiron also. Our class, we believe, has helped to prove that the spirit back of a team can win or lose a game. We have always supported the school to the fullest extent of our power.

Socially our class has been unusually successful. In our Junior year we entertained the class of twenty-two in a royal manner at one of the most successful Proms ever given. This year we have revised the matinee dance idea and have given several parties to the school on Friday evenings throughout the year.

On the stage we rank with any of our predecessors. The Music Club has grown and prospered since our names were first placed on the roster. In the operettas and concerts, our musicians have done well and deserve high praise. For the oratorical, let us say that we have kept up the reputation of the school in producing effective public speakers. In the Senior play the whole class worked hard, and deserves much credit for putting it across in the excellent manner in which it was done. The extraordinary sucess of the play was due to the spirit which backed it as well as to the efforts of the cast. We are glad to let it speak for itself.

It would not be proper for me to write the annals of the class of twenty-three without mentioning one of the supreme desires of our high school life. We have hoped to graduate from a new and greater V. H. S. Tirelessly have we worked, fervently have we prayed, and ceaselessly have we talked, but our ambition has not been realized. Nevertheless, with admirable spirit, we are still backing the new high school to the limit and we still retain individually the hope that our present under-classmen will graduate from a new high school building, and that this building will be a pride to the community for years to come and a monument to the high position which education holds in the minds of its citizens.

Lastly, may I call attention to the records of our class as students? We now go forth into the business and professional world to make names for ourselves. We go with the firm resolve that we shall maintain the respected and revered high standard of men and women for which our dear old Alma Mater is already noted.

—Dickey Mitchell.

JUNIOR

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

HOWARD AYLESWORTH, *President*

LEWIS MARQUARDT, *Vice-President*

CAROLYN LYTLE, *Secretary-Treasurer*

MR. PAULEY, *Supervisor*

Aylesworth, Howard
Barneko, Martha
Bartholomew, Margarette
Bell, Marion
Beyer, Margarette
Bently, Harold
Butterfield, Clarence
Campbell, Ida
Cobb, Louise
Corboy, Philip
Dietrich, Naomi
Douglas, Herbert
Douglas, George
Dye, Gilbert
Engel, Edith
Eschell, Howard
Foster, Isabelle
Gaston, Leslie
Gast, Helen
Glover, Howard
Grieder, Ovid
Gustafson, Harold
Gustafson, Margaret
Hall, Fred
Hicks, Verona
Higley, Ernest
Hisgen, Phyllis
Hughart, Bernice
Johnston, Mary
Krudup, Ethel
Leetz, Milady
LePell, Frederick
Lish, Merton
Lowe, Dorothy
Lytle, Carolyn
Marquardt, Lewis
McCallum, Woodburn
McWhinney, Wilma
Meyers, Esther
Miller, Hubert
Miller, Robert
Mitchel, Ruth
Murvihill, Ann
Nehring, Laura
Orwig, Maycell
Pierce, Dorothy
Prentiss, Loren
Prentiss, Harold
Price, Dorothy
Pulver, Harold
Richards, James
Sandy, Margaret
Schragg, Ethel
Sievers, Harold
Seymour, Russell
Sherrick, Zelma
Shinebarger, Arthur
Shinebarger, Laura
Stansell, Florence
Stoner, Richard
Stoner, Edith
Thompson, William
Tousley, Mariorie
Trahan, Cecelia
Turner, Kenneth
Wade, Harry
Watt, Forrest
Wheeler, Martin
Wittenberg, Fred
Wood, Melba
Worstell, Avis
Worstell, Nathan
Wright, Byron
Zerber, Wayne

SOPHOMORE
W.L.M

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

JAMES NIXON, *President*

FRANCIS SHURR, *Vice-President*

ETHEL BENJAMIN, *Secretary-Treasurer*

MISS STANFORD, *Supervisor*

Bassow, Lauretta
Bearse, Carlton
Benjamin, Ethel
Billings, Mary Ellen
Bornholt, Beatrice
Boule, Louise
Brown, Allen
Bradley, Thomas
Butler, Arthur
Burns, Earl
Christy, William
Comstock, Gladys
Collison, Thomas
Crossland, Stanley
Chumley, Le Roy
Darst, Beatrice
Dressenberg, Ralph
Erler, John
Finney, John
Fisher, Virginia
Fischer, Roland
Goodrich, Luella
Hamann, Carolyn
Hart, Robert
Hauff, Vernon
Henderlong, Bernard
Higley, Richard
Hodges, Helen
Horner, Alice
James, Helen
Jessee, Gertrude
Kenney, Jerome
Kimmel, Kenneth
Kirkpatrick, Virginia
Klein, Joseph
Kuehl, Margaret
Kuehl, Elden
Kulp, Hazel
Lamprecht, Elizabeth
Lowenstine, John
Matt, Zenita
McCord, Allen
Miller, Wayne
Morris, Anna
Mohnson, Herman
Murray, Harold
Nichols, Ethel Mae
Nixon, James
Noble, Verna
Parker, Anita
Pennington, Erma
Philley, Kathryn
Radkey, Rosaline
Ruge, Mox
Sanford, Sedgewick
Sergeant, Tom
Shatz, Paul
Shurr, Frances
Shurr, Harold
Shurberne, Gladys
Sheets, Vernal
Spencer, Helen
Spindler, Ralph
Spindler, John
Sprencil, Julia
Stanton, Maurice
Thatcher, Millicent
Vevia, Ruth
Waldorph, Ruth
Wade, Leslie
Whitehead, Lois Mae
White, Roland
Wise, Emma
Zimmerman, Englebert

FRESHMEN

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

CHARLES STINCHFIELD, *President*

FLORA BAER, *Vice-President*

JUDD BUSH, *Secretary-Treasurer*

MISS ELLIS, *Supervisor*

Abraham, Loretta
Atwell, Margaret
Baer, Flora
Baer, Billy
Bartholomew, Laura
Bell, Lois
Bernhart, Mollie
Bauer, James
Bauer, Lloyd
Black, Paul
Blaese, Robert
Boryczko, Edward
Bowman, Otis
Buchanan, Edward
Burke, Charlotte
Burns, Clyde
Bush, Judd
Chester, Helen
Christy, Catherine
Cincoske, Marcel
Clifford, Mary
Collins, William
Crumpacker, Birdie
De Witt, Dorothy
Dick, Margaret
Dodd, Ruth
Dolch, Oscar
Douglas, Mary
Engle, Gordon
Erler, Margaret
Ferrel, Clark
Fischer, William
Fraley, Dale
Freeman, Althea
Fyfe, Malcolm
Greenland, Roy
Grau, Ella
Guernsey, Margaret
Gustafson, Maud
Hall, Daisy
Harris, Ethel
Hinkle, Herbert
Horan, Donald
Horan, Selwyn
Horner, Erla
Johnson, Herman
Kinne, Lorraine
Krudup, Alberta
Krull, Margaret
Lamprecht, Marian
Lannin, Dorothy
London, Clara
London, George
Ludington, Thelma
Lutz, Geneva
Mohnsen, Raymond
McNay, Margaret
Meister, Marguerite
Miller, Carolyn
Neff, Margaret
Oldham, Kenneth
Parry, Frances
Parker, Martha
Pinkus, Harold
Pulver, Margaret
Riddle, Mabel
Rigg, Auretta
Ritz, Dorothy
Ritter, Vernon
Robinson, Emma
Schleman, Deloss
Schellinger, Ralph
Schultz, Otto
Sedgwick, Mildred
Sedgwick, Marvin
Seymour, Wilfred
Shedd, Ethel
Sheets, Mabel
Sherrick, Verna
Sherwood, Alice
Small, Mary
Smith, Bernice
Spohn, Mary
Stanton, Lorraine
Stinchfield, Charles
Stinchfield, Margaret
Trahan, Mary Bell
Vevia, Lorraine
Waldorph, Lorraine
Wark, Irene
Wheeler, Pearl
Weimuth, Hulda
Will, Donald
Zimmerman, Helen
Zimmerman, Ellouise

PROPHECY

I WAS pursuing my way homeward one dark night at a time of year when robberies were quite frequent occurrences. I was always a timid person, and the fact that I carried the vast sum of $1.21 and a collar-button on my person made me feel very much afraid that some highwayman might accost me and demand that the fortune be handed to him. I was returning from seeing a master-piece of motion picture art in which there were no less than seven murders, and the thoughts of such things served to stimulate my already vivid imagination. The night was as dark as a stack of black cats. At every street corner I imagined that a footpad lurked behind some tree trunk.

As I passed the dark corners one after the other and nobody challenged me, my hopes began to revive. However, I was doomed to disappointment. As I approached an exceptionally dark block, I heard the sound of footsteps behind me. I turned around quickly and was just in time to see a husky Hercules raise his strong right hand, in which he held a piece of lead pipe. I sidestepped quickly, but alas! I was too late. The pipe descended upon my cranium with the force of a keg of eight penny nails falling from the top of a ten-story building. For about sixty seconds I saw all the stars, planets, and satellites of the heavens whirling about my head in circles of fire. When the heavenly bodies finally came to anchor, two angels dressed in mantles of purest white were standing in front of me. They held before me a scroll of white parchment which was covered with an inscription in blue letters. A fountain of fire nearby filled the place wlth a bluish-white light of dazzling brilliancy. By this light I read the record of the Class of '23 in the year of 1940. Following is the record as written on the scroll:

George Bentley and Andrew Collins, joint owners of a Radio Manufacturing Company.

Arnold Blaese, a medical doctor.

Ralph Brenner, the proprietor of a chain of drug stores.

Jesse Bowman, judge of the county circuit court.

Gerald Burke and Dwight Noble, contractors. They built Valparaiso's $500,000 school with the help of Kenneth Lawrence, architect.

Jessie Card, an authoress. Many of her books are on the shelves of the Public Library.

Tom Clifford, a lawyer in the city of Chicago.

Delphyne Corson, a member of the Indiana State Legislature.

Ruth Crossland, a minister of the Methodist Church, located in Hammond.

Frank Duncan and Carl Gruenert, founders of the Valparaiso Airplane Co. This company has caused a great increase in the population of our city.

Clarissa Ely, instructor of Elocution in Valparaiso University.

Irenes Field and Frame, proprietors of the I. F. Dept. Store, the largest in Valparaiso.

Alice Fabing and Eva Kruse, noted violinists, who have given many concerts together before the crowned heads of Europe.

Ivan Hayhurst, Indiana's foremost poet.

Helen Gordon, Principal of the Valparaiso High School, appointed by the public board—Geneva White, Myrtle Willing and Vivian Worstell.

Victor Hembroff, proprietor of the Valparaiso Jewelry Company, the largest of its kind in Indiana.

Edna Hermance, manager of the Imperial Kandy Kitchens, the most up-to-date in Northern Indiana.

Ruth Hershman, noted throughout the world for her beautiful musical compositions.

Louella Kuehl and Almira Horner, noted social service workers in Chicago.

Glenn Keene, prosperous farmer. Lynn Keene, Porter County Agricultural Agent.

Walter Krull, author of a New History of the World, the most interesting history ever published.

Larson & Seymour, the second largest electrical engineering company in the United States.

Ernest Lembke, recently elected President of the United States Steel Corporation by the directors thereof.

Audrey Lish, second only to the great Paderewski as a pianist.

Thelma McMillen, manager of the Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Department of Marshall Field & Company.

Wilma Maxwell, recognized throughout the United States as America's foremost landscape painter.

Mitchell Bros., Lawyers, Valparaiso's greatest law concern.

Alberta Muster and Helen Gustafson, founders of the great music house of Muster & Gustafson.

Charles Parker, President of the Parker Paint & Varnish Co.

Virginia Rathjen, cashier of the Valparaiso State Bank.

Samuel Simon, Speaker of our National House of Representatives.

Paul Stevenson, Associate Professor of Latin at Chicago University.

Mary Stoner, the first woman Mayor of Valparaiso.

Margaret Timmons, very successful grand opera singer.

Ella Mae Vevia, the Assistant Principal of Valparaiso High School.

Edna Vosburgh, instructor in the South Bend Business College.

Charlotte Wulff, head of the English Department at Valparaiso High School.

Ruth Van Arsdel, national secretary of the W. C. T. U.

Kenneth Cleveland, president of the Plantation Cereal Co., successors to McMahan-Wood Co.

Edith Richards, vocal and instrumental teacher of many promising students.

When I had read the last lines of the inscription, the light went out and everything was plunged into darkness. When I regained consciousness, I arose and continued on my homeward way, minus my worldly wealth but rich in a great vision of the years to come.

—*G. Albright.*

WILL

WE, the Seniors of '23, being for the most part in sound mind, now make and publish this last will, in order that we may justly distribute our interests in the world among our fellow-men.

And first, that part of our interests, known as our cheerful class spirit, we give to the Juniors.

Our sophomoric dignity, we give to the Sophomores.

Our ability to appear on the platform, we present to the Freshies.

To those who doubt their grades, we bequeath the prophetic eye of George Albright.

"Tubby's" patent leather hair goes to Herbert Douglas, so the brothers may look like twins again.

"Dick" Mitchell's pugilistic ability to Harry Hildreth.

Alberta's hair to Elizabeth Lamprecht, so she can make good her claim to the most beautiful hair in high school.

Arnold's patience to the next Senior president.

Ralph's business ability to "Empty" Spindler.

Tom Clifford's ability to save money on bank day to "Tom" Collison.

Gerald Burke's ability to manage the football team without losing his mind to any future manager. He needs it.

"Timmy's" ingenuity in vaudeville stunts to "Soup" Campbell.

Eva's brains to anyone except "Crazy" Foster, who would only waste them.

Ivan's frolicsome nature to "Shank" Watt.

"Bones'" and "T's" pep to Helen Gast.

"Sam" Simon's speech-making ability to "Ed" O'Connell.

"Ernie" Lembke, "Kack" Larson, and "De" Seymour, our athletes, wish their prowess distributed evenly among the members of the team of '24.

Ruth Crossland's determination to "Gab" Pulver, who seems to have a hard time to make up his mind.

Alice Parker's tact to "Phil" Corboy.

Wilma's good nature to "Freddie" Le Pell.

"Herb" Mitchell's resourcefulness to some helpless Freshman.

Ruth Hershman's and Eva Roach's willingness to play the piano at any time to Lois Mae.

Almira Horner's "poetic strain" to the coming English VIII students, who will surely need it.

Virginia Rathjen's accuracy to Rosaline Radkey.

Mary Stoner's calmness to Kenneth Oldham.

Irene Frame's brilliant English recitations to Esther Meyers.

"Cy" Gruenert's grim to Martin Wheeler.

Alice Fabing's curls to any girl with shorn locks.

Irene Field's excellent grades in Math. to "Marj" Tousley.

"Pete" Duncan's, Helen Gordon's, and the Keene brothers' privilege of getting in late from the Commercial building to Byron Wright, who certainly could use a few extra minutes.

Audrey Lish's small voice to Howard Aylesworth.

Charles Parker's willingness to eat anything and everything to Ralph Wheeler; maybe he'd grow.

Myrtle Willing's and Charlotte Wulff's studiousness to Virginia Kirkpatrick.

Ella Mae's indifference to excitement to "Pat" Hauff, who is always looking for trouble.

Ruth Van Arsdel's dignity to Charlotte Burke.

Edith Richard's smile to Tom Sergeant.

"Steve's" Freshman tendencies to John Erler, who is too dignified for his station in school.

Jessie Card's pleasant smile to Ruth Vevia.

Edna Hermance's and Louella Kuehl's quiet ways to "Dot" De Witt and Helen Chester.

All these articles we freely give, but our reputation we will carry away with us.

To this last will and testament we affix our seal on this twenty-fifth day of May, A. D. Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-three.

(Seal) CLASS OF '23.

MVSIC

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THE MUSIC CLUB

THE Music Club, consisting of the High School Orchestra, Girls' Glee Club, Boys' Glee Club, and Harmony Class, was organized at the beginning of the school year, the following officers being elected: James Nixon, President; Bruce Gordon, Vice-President; and Ernest Lembke, Secretary-Treasurer. The club has many times, throughout the year, entertained the citizens of Valparaiso, receiving words of praise in return for its accomplishments. The students of the High School have more than enjoyed the musical programs given by the club.

The success of this popular organization has been due to the untiring efforts of Miss Lillie E. Darby, who came to us in the fall of '22. To her all praise must be given for the organization and training of the various departments—conscientious in her work and inspiring confidence in her students. The successful manner in which she has dealt with the problem of training new players and singers is what has proven her ability as a most capable music instructor. The patience and kindness displayed by her in her work have won her many friends.

Let us take this means to thank her in behalf of the Music Club and the entire school for her untiring efforts in making our Music Club and our music important factors in our school life.

THE MUSICALE

THE Musicale was given in the High School Auditorium, Friday evening, November 24, under the direction of Miss Darby. In this, the Orchestra, Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs, Quartette, and the Music Class Chorus took part. Let us give especial mention to the duet by Mildred and Marvin Sedgwick and the violin solo by Alice Fabing. The program, as follows, was much enjoyed by all present:

Overture—Princess of India ..... King

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

(a) Flutes of Autumn ..... Ralfsen
(b) Twilight Serenade ..... Gardner

MUSIC CLASS CHORUS

Duet—Evening Idylls ..... Barnhouse

MILDRED AND MARVIN SEDGWICK

(a) Happy Miller ..... Veazie
(b) The Invitation of the Bells ..... Planquette

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Quartette ..... Far Away In the South

Tenors: ERNEST LEMBKE, BRUCE GORDON
Basses: HERBERT MITCHELL, JAMES NIXON

(a) Waltz—Falling Leaves .....
(b) Gavotte—Dancing Dolls .....

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

(a) Sweet Genevieve .....
(b) Love's Old, Sweet Song .....

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Violin Solo—Serenade ..... Drego

ALICE FABING

Quartette ..... Little Brown Church
Duet—Roaring Volcano ..... E. T. Paull

MILDRED AND MARVIN SEDGWICK

Waltz—Sobre las Olas .....

JUNIOR AND SENIOR H. S. ORCHESTRA

"THE FEAST OF THE RED CORN"

ON February 9, the Girls' Glee Club, supported by the Harmony Class and Boys' Glee Club, presented "The Feast of the Red Corn," a clever little Indian operetta in two acts. Its success was shown by the large attendance. The cast and musical numbers presented are as follows:

ACT I

1. Overture ..... Instrumental
2. Opening Chorus—Dead Leaves Amid the Corn ..... Chorus
3. Somebody's Been Up to Something ..... Squaw and Chorus
4. She Is a Regular Indian ..... Solos and Chorus
5. Burn Her At the Stake ..... Chorus
6. O Star of the Farthest North ..... Chorus
7. What Did Impee Light Do? ..... Fudgee, Pudgee, Wudgee
8. I've Inherited a Most Peculiar Failing ..... Impee Light
9. Ghost Dance (Ghosts of the Dead Trees) ..... Instrumental
10. Sleep Song ..... Queen and Chorus

ACT II

11. The Tale of the Three Little Bears ..... Impee Light and Chorus
12. Canoe Song ..... Queen and Chorus
13. Entrance of Old Squaw ..... Instrumental
14. Song of Sorrow ..... Old Squaw
15. Dance of Flaming Arrow ..... Chorus
16. Song of Sorrow ..... Chorus
17. Funeral March ..... Chorus
18. Was There Ever Anybody ..... Chorus
19. Somebody's Been Up to Something ..... Fudgee, Pudgee, Wudgee and Chorus
20. Incantation ..... Old Squaw and Chorus
21. Finale ..... O Little Red Ear

CHARACTERS

Weeda Wanta—Queen of Wanta Tribe ..... Lois Mae Whitehead
Impee Light—Queen's Sister ..... Virginia Fisher
Children of Queen { Fudgee, Pudgee, Wudgee } ..... { Sadie Frederick, Gertrude Jessee, Gladys Comstock }
Old Squaw—Sorceress of Tribe ..... Alberta Muster

CHORUS

Sopranos—Representing Spirits of Happiness and Joy
Altos—Representing Spirits of Sorrow and Woe
Dancers—Margaret Sandy, Director

SPECIAL NUMBERS

1. Hiawatha's Journey ..... High School Chorus
2. (a) We Meet Again Tonight, Boys
   (b) My Old Kentucky Home ..... Boys' Glee Club

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Sopranos—
Millicent Thatcher
Ruth Waldorph
Lois Mae Whitehead
Mary Stoner
Bernice Hughart
Ethel Mae Nichols
Francis Shurr
Martha Parker
Edith Stoner
Alberta Muster
Helen Hodges
Virginia Kirkpatrick
Audrey Lish
Gladys Comstock
Isabel Foster
Ruth Van Arsdel
Cecelia Trahan

Altos—
Mary Ellen Billings
Margaret Kuehl
Gertrude Jessee
Virginia Fisher
Ruth Vevia
Elizabeth Lamprecht
Hazel Kulp
Margaruite Lunbeck

EVA ROACH, *Accompanist*

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

First Tenors:

Bruce Gordon
Harold Pulver
Harold Pinkus
Samuel Simon
William Christy

Second Tenors:

Ernest Lembke
Kenneth Larson
Harry Hildreth
Howard Aylesworth
Guillford Dye
Arnold Blaese

First Basses:

Herbert Mitchell
Dickey Mitchell
Jesse Bowman
Carroll Higley
Lewis Marquardt

Second Basses:

James Nixon
Sedgwick Sanford
Kenneth Turner
Lynn Keene
DeForrest Seymour

Lois Mae Whitehead, *Accompanist*

ORCHESTRA

EVA KRUSE, *Violin*
ALICE FABING, *Violin*
ALBERTA MUSTER, *Violin*
HOWARD ESCHELL, *Violin*
LOREN PRENTISS, *Violin*
HAROLD PINKUS, *Violin*
VERNAL SHEETS, *Violin*
OSCAR DOLCH, *Violin*
KENNETH TURNER, *Saxophone*
GEORGE DOUGLAS, *Saxophone*
NATHAN WORSTELL, *Saxophone*
WAYNE STONER, *Saxophone*
EDWARD BUCHANAN, *Saxophone*
JAMES NIXON, *Bass Viol*
HARRY FIELD, *Cornet*
MALCOLM FYFE, *Trombone*
HERBERT DOUGLAS, *Clarinet*
ARTHUR BUTLER, *Cello*
JOHN SPINDLER, *Cello*
MARVIN SEDGWICK, *Drums*

RUTH HERSHMAN, *Accompanist*

A FLOWER

WHERE in the valley blooms a bright flower,
'Tis the first flower of May;
Its life will be but a few short hours,
Then it will fade away.

This little flower, like many men,
Never can to greatness rise;
Innocent, it blossoms unheard, unseen,
Then simply fades and dies.

—*Ella Mae Vevia.*

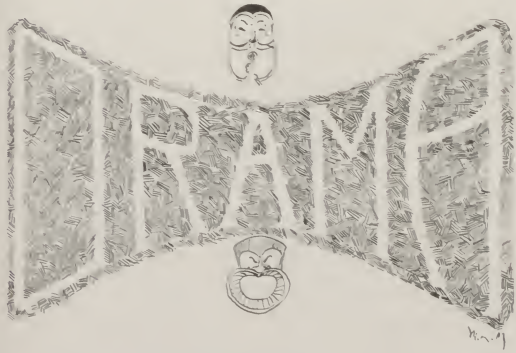
MY WREN

WHO is that noisy little bird,
That sits beside your door out there?
He always seems to have a word
Of cheer, a song to banish care.

That is my wren, and you shall see
How busily they search for food—
He and his mate—and ever he
Sings to cheer the hungry brood.

He has no plumage that, so bright,
Attracts the eye; but low and clear,
His joyous song affords delight
And brings sweet peace to all who hear.

—*Eva Kruse.*


DRAMA

COME AND SEE
THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD
AT THE
SENIOR CARNIVAL
AND
VAUDEVILLE
DECEMBER 1, 1922
Buy Your Tickets Early *Avoid the Rush*

THIS attractive poster met the eyes of the underclassmen as they entered the assembly room a week before the great event. We, being among that number, took the advice, and presented ourselves at the school building on Friday evening. Passing through the beautifully decorated halls, we were attracted by the many booths, each one with appropriate setting and presided over by enthusiastic vendors of different wares. However, we could not take the time to examine all of these now, for everyone was rushing upstairs to enjoy the vaudeville. Following the crowd, we found ourselves in the High School Auditorium.

A vaudeville program in five acts was staged by the following artists:

Act I.—The Columbiaphone, invented by Ivan Hayhurst. He demonstrated its power in developing the most awkward lads into graceful two-steppers. His fellow-workers in this act were: Naomi Dietrich and Martha Parker, soloists; Nathan Worstell and John Ellis, saxophonists; Alice Fabing and Howard Eschell, violinists; Eva Kruse and Myrtle Willing, monologists.

Act II.—Piano duets by Ruth Hershman and Eva Roach. Nothing need be said concerning the ability of these two girls—it is so generally known.

Act III.—Mrs. Jarley's wax-works, straight from London, with Mrs. Jarley, herself, present in the person of Ruth Van Arsdel. She had with her four assistants, the indispensable John (Ralph Brenner), who sure did wind them up, and three porters, Lynn and Glenn Keene and Paul Fischer. Her wax figures included Mary Garden (Katherine Foster), Albert J. Beveridge (Andrew Collins), Timothy Galvin (Paul Stevenson), Andy, Min, and Chester Gump (Arnold Blaese, Thelma McMillen, and Gene Pauley), Irene Castle (Margaret Timmons), whose demonstrations were enlightening as well as instructive, especially the instructions in-

terpretive dancing (always look at your heel), and Carrie Nation (Louise Cobb), the hit of the evening.

Act IV.—This act was generally considered most pleasing. "Ernie" and "Herb," on the mandolins, were said to play "just like Hawaiians."

Act V.—The performance closed with a one-act playlet, "The Prairie Princess". In this all-star cast, George Bentley was a dignified butler; Charles Parker, a bewildered young Englishman, "Bah Jove!"; Ella Mae Vevia, his dignified mother, the Duchess; Alice Ludington, his sister, so cultured, you know; Dick Magendie (Clinton Steward), a young American residing in London; the Prairie Princesses, his two lively cousins from Chicago, Lou Dayton (Helen Gustafson) and Madge Dayton (Clarissa Ely), the bright star of the cast.

When the vaudeville was over, we returned to the first floor and changed all our money into checks payable at the "Bank of Senior Dreams," bought some home-made candy, and went to see the side-show. Here we found the "Hot Springs," "V. H. S. Gridiron," "Bonaparte Crossing the Rhine", and last but not least, "Gomboui", the Ferocious Animal Eater, who ate everything up to a rhinoceros. Next we bought some popcorn balls, and in answer to Mr. Jessee's urgent summons, tried our luck at the grab-bag. Receiving a telegram marked "collect" and refusing to pay for it, we were apprehended by Officer Gruenert and Chief Gordon, taken to the "Carnival Court," and after a grilling prosecution by Attorney Burke, were fined and sentenced to jail by Judge Bowman. After being released, we went home declaring the carnival and vaudeville a success in every respect.

"THE CHARM SCHOOL"

ONE of the snappiest, most humorous, best acted amateur plays ever witnessed in Valparaiso was given May 4, in the Memorial Theatre, when the Senior Class of 1923 presented "The Charm School". "Charming it was from start to finish," was the verdict of the audience that filled every seat in the balcony as well as the main floor.

"The Charm School," the play, was a comedy of four acts, in which many thrilling and humorous situations were ensembled in the scenes. The character contrasts were well worked out and a distinct personality was portrayed in all the leading roles, with notable exception of Jim and Tim, two souls with but a single thought—"Sally". These twins, in the persons of Paul Stevenson and Ivan Hayhurst, provoked a laugh whenever they appeared.

The calm, superior Miss Hays (Eva Kruse), and sensitive, fussy Miss Curtis (Ruth Van Arsdel) were generally on the stage together and each brought out the distinctive traits of the other, to the great edification of the audience. The two leading spirits among the pupils, Elise (Margaret Timmons) and Sally (Clarissa Ely), were as different as two very attractive, fun-loving, witty, resourceful girls could well be. What they said was less than what they conveyed by a mere turn of the head or a soulful glance from the eyes. Their companions (Alice Ludington, Mary Stoner, Alice Fabing, Myrtle Willing, Edith Richards, Delphyne Corson and Ruth Hershman), while each made her part a distinct entity, the graceful and unerring group action showed most plainly the rare training they had received.

Apart from the twins, the four male parts were highly individualized: The law student (Herbert Mitchell), well satisfied with himself and willing to set everyone else right; the snappy, crafty, old banker (Merle Dowdell), with a lingering regard for his former wife and a partially concealed yet very discernible fear of his bewitching, tyrannical little niece; the unsuccessful but persistent suitor (Ernest Lembke), who finally confesses that charm spells everything in this world and he hasn't got it; and last, the hero himself (Dicky Mitchell), who rises supreme above the sarcasms of Banker Johns, who resists adoration of the secretary, to yield at last to the snares of Elise, who has spoiled all of his plans; but still he confesses she has proved the truth of his theory *Charm*.

The success of the play was due to Mrs. Boucher's remarkable coaching; and the Senior Class is greatly indebted to her for her faithful and sincere services.

Cast of Characters

AUSTIN BEVANS ..... DICKEY MITCHELL

An automobile salesman with IDEAS which

DAVID MacKENZIE ..... HERBERT MITCHELL

A law student, considered impractical, though

GEORGE BOYD ..... ERNEST LEMBKE

An expert accountant, is willing to co-operate, and also

JIM SIMPKINS ..... PAUL STEVENSON

And

TIM SIMPKINS ..... IVAN HAYHURST

Who toil not and have never seriously considered spinning.

HOMER JOHNS ..... MERLE DOWDELL

is guardian of

ELISE BENEDOTTI ..... MARGARET TIMMONS

The President of the Senior Class at school, presided over by

MISS HAYS ..... EVA KRUSE

Who is loved and feared by all who know her, including her Secretary,

MISS CURTIS ..... RUTH VAN ARSDEL

Who is always trying to think well of the Senior Class, consisting of

SALLY BOYD ..... CLARISSA ELY

Who is GEORGE'S sister, and

MURIEL DOUGHTY ..... ALICE LUDINGTON

ETHEL SPELVIN ..... MARY STONER

ALIX MERCIER ..... ALICE FABING

LILLIAN STAFFORD ..... MYRTLE WILLING

MADGE KENT ..... EDITH RICHARDS

MAME ..... RUTH HERSHMAN

It is hardly worth while to mention a Junior,

DOTSIE ..... DELPHYNE CORSON

Directed by Mrs. C. W. Boucher

SOCIETY

Dear Betty:

THE rush of work has been terrible for the last two months. The class had just settled down from the Oratorical Contest when we started in on our Senior Play, but I have managed to steal away a little while to tell you about the good times we have had this year. I will start where I left off writing. I don't believe I told you what a good time we gave the Senior Class of '22 last year at Burlington Beach; how "Vic" Hembroff and Paul Ellis and several others went out to take a swim in water 30° Fahrenheit, and sneaked back with only their toes wet. All who could beg, borrow, or steal boats took a little row on the lake, and watched the sun set, but lost out on their "eats." I was numbered among the unfortunates, but heard that, an hour before, the salad, pickles, sandwiches, cocoa, fruit, and ice cream tasted very delicious. This, of course, cheered us all immensely. After the dinner, we all gathered in the dance hall until time to race after the street car.

But I should have told you first about the "Prom." My vivid impression now is that Armory Hall was beautifully decorated in blue and white, our class colors—and my back ached from trying to stretch them on the curtains. But dancing among the soft, cool lights and warm breezes to the music of the clever syncopators, Wilson's Orchestra, drove all cares from my mind.

I will hurriedly pass over the Reception and only mention that the girls looked charming in their soft party frocks and that we all realized what a fine class we were losing, even though we swelled with pride to think that we were to be the honored and admired Seniors of the next year.

But none of our past years, with their sleigh-ride parties, "basement parties at the school," and even the English V banquet, with its screamingly funny (?) after-dinner speeches, can quite equal our Senior year.

We have given three or four parties at the Elks' hall, inviting the school to attend. One of the most interesting of these was a Radio Dance. At seven-thirty, we dolefully gazed at a half-empty hall, but at eight o'clock in breezed about thirty more couples. We danced with light hearts and nimble feet in spite of the fact that our radio was rendering "Sole Mio" and "Silver Threads Among the Gold." About ten o'clock, when we had despaired of the radio music, we heard from Davenport, Iowa (?). Some of our clever boys had wired a little speech to be sent back and everyone "from Jessee to 'Juicy'" was kidded, generally, in it.

I heard that the basketball team was entertained a few days after the tourney, at the home of Dr. Douglas, and all the training rules, which our boys had so carefully observed, were thrown to the winds before such a feast.

The French Department of the school, under Miss Ellis, has organized a "Circle Francais," to further conversation in French. The meetings of this club are very interesting as well as instructive.

Well, Betty, we are looking forward to our Prom, Picnic, and Reception, and the last few weeks of school. Looking back over the happy days, we are sorry to leave, but the future beckons brightly to all of us. Don't forget to write soon.

With love,

Alice Parker.

VALPO HIGH SCHOOL

YOU dear old mass of square-cut lines!
You look so stately and proud at times.
Many stories you must know;
Tales of romance and tales of woe.

The voice of the structure rang out clear,
"I'll tell you the things you love to hear,
And when you leave 'twill serve to remind you
That you've left the best of your life behind you.

Here was a stage of fond affection;
Stage for lovers in deep dejection.
Hearts did flutter, and hearts did moan,
Some hearts wept in an undertone.

Many unkind words were spoken,
Many loving hearts were broken;
Tears were shed in days of old,
Shed for love that had grown cold."

"Wait, there's more I wish to hear.
Why is this High School held so dear
By teachers who give their lives and their all
"That they might heed education's call?"

"There are things more valuable yet than gold;
Things to think of when we grow old.
In his last bed he may easier rest
Who to the world has given his best."

—*I. M. Hay.*

LITERATURE

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

ON the evening of Friday, January 12, the Senior Class presented the annual Oratorical Contest in the High School Auditorium. Ten members—five girls and five boys—of the class contested for the evening's honors.

Margaret Timmons gave an interesting account of "The Poetry of Paul Lawrence Dunbar," a negro poet, illustrating her points by quoting some of his works.

Alice Parker delivered the winning oration, among the girls, on "Industry," showing the effects, both good and bad, of the present factory conditions.

Eva Kruse, speaking on "Public Health," gave a brief history of health movements, outlined America's progress in that line, and enumerated forms still necessary.

Almira Horner gave a beautiful discourse on the life and poetry of "James Whitcomb Riley," his simplicity and love of children.

Ruth Crossland spoke on "Real Life," showing the necessity of a spiritual as well as a physical existence.

Dickey Mitchell, in his "Modern Belgium," set forth the heroism of that small power during the war, "lest we forget."

Ernest Lembke spoke on the "Negro's Loyalty," showing that they have ever chosen the better part.

Frank Duncan gave some interesting sidelights on this topic, "Salesmanship."

Samuel Simon, winner among the boys, not only told "What Coal Means to Us," but also brought out the psychology of the consumer in purchasing the precious substance.

Paul Stevenson, speaking on the "Commercial Possibilities of the Airplane," convinced his listeners that in time the aeroplane will be as greatly demanded as is now the automobile.

INDUSTRY

The most fascinating role in the great drama of Human Progress has been filled by Industry. It has lifted man from the poverty of barbarism to the complex, luxurious civilization of the present day. Industry and civilization have come up out of the ages hand in hand. Man, requiring food, clothing, and shelter, satisfied his needs by Industry. A fallen limb was perhaps his first weapon of offense and defence; the sharpened stone, the hatchet, the knife, his first tools. Thus Industry, after enabling man to provide for his more pressing wants, went a step further. It began to minister to his taste, to develop the artistic in his nature. Slaves, seized from the conquered nations, tilled his fields and built his homes. Then the feudal system of the medieval ages succeeded, under which the craft and guild system developed, but the introduction of machinery revolutionized this simple form of Industry and man was thus aided in his upward climb to a higher and finer civilization. But other things were necessary to make this new machinery available. It was much too expensive for the old guild cottage weaver to buy and use, so capital, which had previously been used almost solely in agriculture, was drawn, as by a magnet, into factory production. Again, the new industry required groups of laborers, working regular hours under the control of their employers, and in the places where machines were installed and power provided. Such groups of laborers, former peasants, now mill hands, were gradually collected, and the factory, in the modern sense, came into existence.

At the dawn of the nineteenth century our own country was still a sparsely settled strip along the Atlantic seaboard. But today we have become the giant among manufacturing nations. Worshippers of power and of magnificence may find, indeed, an altar for the prayers and thanksgivings in industrial America. The multiplication of riches, the development of luxury and the growth of might attributable to machine manufacture are the familiar products of our industrial revolution. From the small nineteenth century textile industry of New England has grown that mighty industry of today, employing hundreds of thousands of men, wo-

men and children in the manufacture of the rarest silks and satins and the simplest calicoes and ginghams. Agriculture has also made its demands on Industry, and agricultural implement factories have sprung up on every side. Our newspapers are filled with the dazzling story of the growth of the infant automobile industry, bringing cheer and joy to the humblest family circle. The traveler, journeying through our factory-dotted land, and entering the mighty Pittsburg steel district for the first time, is amazed at the gigantic steel plants pouring forth their vivid flames to the skies, to produce for us raw steel and fabricated steel products. Our large industrial centers, with their enormous factories covering hundreds of acres, are a constant revelation when we realize that this magnificent national industrial growth, totaling over fifty billions of dollars' annual annual output of manufacturs, has been brought about by the social and industrial organization of our own American people in less than a century. But what has happened to the individual American by reason of these vast changes? How has Industry affected human welfare? Is life happier and more carefree for the majority of men, women, and children in this land, because of the new Industry? Does the common worker fare better? How, again, have the women and children of the working classes been affected? Does life mean more to them than to their great-grandparents? The answer must be sorrowfully, but emphatically, "No."

The bitter cry of humanity in poverty and distress in the midst of the luxury created by these giant industries is a piteous commentary, but absolutely accurate, on the indirect social human output of our present day system. When children of four years are still found at work in our canning factories, when little girls of five and six are working at night in our Southern mills, when approximately one million seven hundred thousand boys and girls under sixteen years of age are employed in Industry, is it too much to assume that only a vigilant and constantly protesting public conscience can protect us from even more revolting conditions? Often capital has neither ideals nor morals. Its interests are primarily expressible in terms of cash profits. Capital in the United States in the twentieth century calls almost as loudly for children as it called in England a century ago. I want to tell you a story about one of these little children, vouched for by the teacher to whom it was told:

In a New York kindergarten one winter's morning, a frail, dark-eyed girl stood by the radiator warming her tiny blue and benumbed hands. She was poor and scantily clad, and her wan, pinched face was unutterably sad, with the sadness that shadows the children of poverty, and comes from cares which only maturer years should know. When she had warmed her little hands back to life, she looked wistfully up into the teachers' face and asked:

"Teacher, do you love God?"

"Why, dearie, of course I love God," answered the wondering teacher.

"Well, I don't; I hate Him," was the fierce rejoinder. "He makes the wind blow and I haven't any warm clothes; He makes it snow, and my shoes have holes in them; He makes it cold, and we haven't any fire at home; He makes us hungry, and Mama hadn't any bread for our breakfast. Oh! I hate Him!"

Such piteous, under-nourished, puny, little girls and boys, only seven, eight, and nine years old, work in our textile industry. They work in the sweat-shop, in the slums of our cities, often laboriously shelling nuts that the youth of our land may have them to spread over their nut sundaes. Little boys run the city streets carrying newspapers and messages, meeting all kinds of degrading influences, or work at terrifically hard labor in our coal mines, seldom less than ten hours daily, not only in the daytime but all through the long night, who should be enjoying God's sunlight, romping in the fresh air, healthy, fearless, happy, with all the privileges of education that our Valparaiso young enjoy.

It is the tragedy of humanity that in every city of any consequence in this rich land, a large part is given over to the slums, or the tawdry, unsightly, insanitary dwellings of the worker, absolutely unfit for human habitation. When we visualize the terrible East Side of New York, which is simply the enlarged condition of every city, with its scores of single blocks, each containing from fifteen to thirty thousand, the population of a city, we wonder indeed whether our great progress in Industry is all worth-while. When we realize the great wealth of the United States, totaling into the hundreds of billions, and then face the cold fact of unemployment, for during the winter of 1921-22 from five to six million sturdy Americans were unable to find work, and from two to three millions face the same problem this winter, we believe the American people, that same people who created the giant industries, will face squarely and solve adequately in the near future such problems as these, which come so closely home to the fireside of the American worker. Is it too much to ask that we aid the worker in his struggle for hours of labor which will not overtax his strength, but will leave him fresh and alert for his hours of leisure, which develop him into an all-around citizen capable of taking his part in home and community life? Would it not be a magnificent achievement, rivaling all past industrial achievement, that we should, in the midst of our great wealth, absolutely abolish unemployment and see that every worker receives a living wage and reasonable hours of work among pleasant and healthful working conditions?

We have, today, the industrial capacity to solve and provide for the complete material needs of every man, woman and child in this country,

and it is for us, the new generation going out into Industry, to bring about such a just distribution of the products of the labors of our fellow-workers as will insure their happiness in home, factory and community. It is not too much to ask of us, who are receiving our education at the bounty of the people as a whole, to recognize our responsibility, and if we are called to become a worker in this great industrial army, not only to efficiently and adequately do our share, but also to take our part in the social side of industry, so that it may not be written of Industry at the end of the twentieth century as producing great material wealth, but also producing as a by-product, human wrecks. With our past glorious industrial achievements behind us, and the beginning of welfare work in shortened hours, in agitation for disability and compensation insurance, as well as unemployment insurance, we begin to see the dawn of a better industrial life for those who have really created the wealth of our country, the worker in Industry. For, as Ruskin says, "There is no wealth but life with all its powers of love, of joy, of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings."

—*Alice Parker.*

WHAT COAL MEANS TO US

Since coal ranks second only to food as a life necessity, any interference with its production becomes at once a matter of vital concern to every man, woman and child in the land. Just as the human body must die if deprived of food, so must the industry perish if deprived of fuel.

There is no romance in coal—the world calls to mind no pleasing pictures of adventure and conquest. It belongs to the big word of work rather than to the small realm of romance. Though the black diamond is won from the depths of the earth by laborious effort, and though it soils everything it touches, it makes our world a brighter and better place to live in.

What coal means to the world, however, is little appreciated by the many who share its benefits. The man on the street thinks of coal only in terms of the few tons he buys for his furnace and range. A coal strike, though it may be country-wide, means little to him. "I use anthracite, and

I bought mine in March," is the casual remark with which he absolves himself from any further interest in an impending shortage of both bituminous and anthracite coal. A newspaper headline telling of disorder and riot at a mine in Illinois or West Virginia may bring from him the question. "That's where they mine coal, isn't it?" The fact that coal is mined in thirty states, and that the industry employs three-quarters of a million men as well as two and one-half billions of invested capital—all this escapes his notice and the notice of most of us, absorbed as we are in our own daily tasks.

At times, it is true, public interest in coal is thoroughly aroused. Of the raw materials that go into the warp and woof of modern life, coal is one of the few that is directly purchased by the citizen. Unless he is so unfortunate as to dwell in a hotel, an apartment, or a boarding-house, every head of a family must buy coal for his own household. When, therefore, for any cause the price of household coal rises, his pocketbook nerve is touched, and he begins to feel a feverish concern. A rise in price of no other household commodity, Fords not included, can more easily bring public opinion to a high temperature.

It will take more than talk and good wishes to solve the present-day problem of the coal industry. The situation is one that calls for the exercise of the hardest kind of common sense on the part of the executive powers of the government, the congress, and the public, and anything less will accomplish nothing.

The coal industry has been ill for many years, and the same old palliatives of wage increases and wage reductions have failed to restore it to good health, although they have been administered regularly and constantly throughout the year, and since this line of treatment is a failure, we may as well conclude now as any time that something else must be done. But what? That is the problem that confronts the doctors of industrial ills.

There are ways in which the public can help solve the coal problem as well as the mine operators and miners can help to solve it. In the first place, something has got to be done to educate the public up to the necessity for a steady operation of the coal mines and a continuous flow of coal from mine to coal-bin. This would eliminate the terrible waste that now afflicts the industry. It would bring about lower prices for the coal that the citizen must buy. But this will be no small job. The public is slow to acquire any education along such lines. People do not buy straw hats in the winter time, even though they may be marked down to a nickel apiece, because they do not need straw hats in the winter. The public extravagantly insists upon waiting until the sun beats down upon its individual and collective heads with all of its intensity and then buy straw hats at

a high price. Nor do the people buy overcoats in the summer time, no matter how cheap they may be. They do not need overcoats until the winter blasts are upon them.

It will require a severe jolt to induce the public to adopt a policy of buying coal the year round.

The annual production of the union bituminous fields is, roughly, two hundred and forty-seven million tons. If the annual coal production was divided equally among the twelve months, you can easily see that over one hundred million tons production has been lost as a result of coal strikes. As a matter of fact, however, were it not for other contributing factors, it would be possible even yet for the bulk of this lost production to be regained in the remaining seven-month period.

This is due largely to the fact that the total production of the country is equal to twice the potential consumption. We Americans have so trained ourselves to demand service at any cost, that it has brought about in the coal industry an over-development sufficient to make it possible to buy coal when we want it, rather than buy it evenly throughout the year and store it against our need. Not only do we householders demand "prepared" or "sized" coal, which is but a small percentage of the total output of the mine, but we demand the privilege of buying the bulk of our needs only when Jack Frost has sent in his calling card and refused to accept the housemaid's word that we're not at home.

This demand for six or eight months' service has resulted not only in the duplication of mine requirements, but also in inviting into the industry approximately two hundred thousand miners who would not be needed if we would apply a little common sense to our coal-buying and store during the summer months a portion of our needs. The housewife likes to have extra supplies of baking and cooking needs on the pantry shelf, but alas for her coal supply! The basement is usually swept clean in the spring, to remain so until cold weather returns.

It is this condition which causes disturbances within the industry which results in strikes such as the recent one. The miners who work but part time and the operators whose time must meet expenses even when demand does not call for production, with the result that the public, through its demand for instant service, pays the bill. When the demand falls too low the producers are forced to ask a wage cut, which the union, being strong, will not accept, and a strike follows. The strike wipes out the accumulated coal reserve, prices rise and the strike ends. It is therefore not surprising that people say that if the price of "the black diamond" keeps going up the dollar will soon be worth its weight in coal.

With this more lively appreciation of what coal means to us, and with a more definite purpose to really make the industry function better, the pass-

ing car of coal may catch our eye as one of the symbols of American greatness—as visible evidence of the energy whose uninterrupted service is needed in home and factory alike; for without coal our great industrial cities would be cold and dark and silent.

—*Samuel Simon.*

UNIFORMS

IT was the quarters of Cadet Charles Greenly at the Mid-West Military Academy. Three other young men of about the same age were lounging around the room. Bruce Lenning was stretched out on one of the neat twin beds (this being a favorite practice, while visiting another's room). "Tex" Cosad was making a rather vain attempt to picking a tune out of a dilapidated mandolin. The fourth boy, one Harry Addoms, was earnestly and enthusiastically saying:

"Well, fellows, spring leave is only three days away and the one thing that is causing me worry is the fact that I sent my 'civies' home."

"That's a lot to worry about," spoke up Tex. "I can imagine how much I'd worry about clothes when I'm going to be home in three days. Why should that worry you?"

"Oh, it doesn't necessarily worry me," answered Harry, "but I don't like the idea of being taken for everything from a street cleaner to a bellhop—these brass buttons are too conspicuous. By the way, Bruce, I understand you are stopping over in the city for Mrs. Harrison's house party. I'll bet that makes you pretty mad."

"Lucky boy, Lenning," said Charles; "that uniform will be the hit of the party."

"Come to think about it," answered Bruce, "I don't think I'll wear it. Maybe I'll take it along, though. Last time I wore it home a woman in the station asked me when there was a train for St. Louis and seemed awfully surprised when I told her I hadn't the least idea."

"That's nothing," said Harry; "I was walking down State Street in Chicago one day and three policemen saluted me."

"No," said Charles, "I've found out that it doesn't pay to take your uniform on leave unless you want people to think you're a doorman."

As a result of this conversation, three days later, Bruce Lenning donned his civilian clothes in preparation for his trip. His blue uniform was carefully packed away in his traveling-bag.

"Might want it," he mumbled to himself as he finished his packing.

The three hours' trip to the city was uneventful, and Bruce's mind turned, naturally, to the coming house party. He was a little doubtful as to whether he would enjoy it as much as he expected. However, these thoughts were soon cleared up, for upon his arrival he saw his idea of the "most beautiful girl in the world." Indeed, there was no doubt in his mind now but that the house party would be most enjoyable.

That evening "the most beautiful girl" and Bruce seemed to adapt themselves to one another wonderfully, and before the evening was over they had decided to take a long, invigorating walk before breakfast the next morning.

"I think your idea delightful," said the girl, "but whatever you do, don't let Mother find it out. Be sure and knock at my door and not at hers."

The next morning Bruce arose early, just as the sun was beginning to rise.

"Guess I'll put on the old uniform for a change; it's just the rig to take a long walk in," he thought, so he donned his spick and span blue service clothes.

A few minutes later he tiptoed noiselessly across the hall and knocked gently at the door. They had been up late that night, so he knocked again and then a third time. Presently Bruce heard a little groan from within, the door groaned in sympathy, and he found himself standing face to face with her *mother!* You know how they look in the morning, or maybe you don't. Anyway, Bruce stood immovable, while the lady glared at him and demanded:

"What you you want, young man?"

Bruce blushed, started to shrink away, thought he had better apologize, then he had a sudden inspiration; drawing himself up stiffly, he said in a cold tone:

"Pardon me, madam, I thought you rang!"

And turning on his heel he marched stiffly down the hall, knocked at the right door, and accompanied by the most beautiful girl in the world, took a wonderful walk.

Two weeks later, in Charles Greenly's room at Mid-West, Bruce Lenning convinced his friends that when on leave they should always take their uniforms with them.

—*Ralph Brenner.*

THE MYSTERY OF THE LIGHTED WINDOW

"HELP! Help!" came a shrilling, ringing cry from out the stillness of the night. Blood-curdling, it chilled the blood of Charles Henry Parker, the one lone passerby at that black midnight hour. His heart stopped beating for a second, then began to pound deafeningly in his ears. Mustering up all his courage, he ran toward the spot from whence had come that awful cry.

"Ah! That must be the house!" he thought.

Dark trees threw their murky shadows all about. Not a star lit up the dead black of the night. What a time and place for a crime! But look, a tiny ray of light streamed out from below the shade of a window in the upper story!

Charles Henry, with teeth chattering, stood gazing at the mysterious window, and the dark blind which concealed—who knew what dastardly deed? With all the stories he had ever heard of crime and murder passing through his benumbed brain, suddenly an idea struck him with such force that he almost fell under the blow. He would run and get the policeman! One man alone could never overcome so daring a criminal.

Fearful lest the guilty one should escape in his absence, he started quickly down the street on his quest. In his mind's eye he already saw the glaring headlines as they would strike awe and admiration into the hearts of readers of The Evening Messenger:

VALIANT HERO CATCHES CRIMINAL
Charles Henry Parker, Our Respected Citizen, etc.

He had not far to go before finding a mighty "Copper," but was some time in arousing him and getting him to the scene of action. Once more before the doomed house, the two, with heads close together, formulated a plan which was matchless in cunning and foresight. The policeman, with gun ready, was to climb the columns of the front porch, the roof of which was just below the tell-tale window, Charles Henry close behind. This they accomplished with much gasping and grunting. Then with bated breath, they listened intently. A groan, as of one in anguish, came from within and set their knees to shaking with an unknown horror.

At this crisis, our hero, with returning courage, suddenly raised the window and pushed back the blind. *Oh! horrible spectacle!* There at a table, with deadly pale face and staring eyes, and hands clutching at his curly blonde locks, a green lamp throwing a ghastly shade over the whole, sat *Ovid Greider*, wrestling with his Latin prose.

—*Ruth Van Arsdel.*

AN AMATEUR'S LUCK

TED ANDERSON, typical American boy of seventeen, was eagerly scanning the want ads of the city's best newspaper. All week he had searched this section of the paper to find a second-hand radio set advertised, and, as yet, his efforts were unrewarded. Suddenly, he drew in his breath and whistled sharply. His sudden display of feeling was caused by the following: "Wanted—Information regarding the whereabouts of Andrew Hunt. Phone Mellville Exchange 186." Now there was nothing so startling about this—people often got lost or run away in large cities—but just the night before, when Ted was studying the advertisements, he had chanced to notice a similar ad: "Wanted—Information regarding the whereabouts of Richard Bowers. Phone Mellville Exchange 186." So Mellville Exchange 186 wanted information about Andrew Hunt and Richard Bowers!

Strange, indeed, that two people should have disappeared and be sought for by the same place or person. Ted knew that Mellville was a suburb of the city, but he had never been there.

All his life Ted had secretly cherished a desire to be a detective. Maybe he could ferret out this mystery; these ads might be secret codes for dope peddlers or rum runners; you never can tell. Suddenly inspired, Ted got the telephone directory and began a laborious search. He had just finished the C's when his younger sister's voice rang out, "C'mon, Ted, supper's ready. Mother, what'a ya think? Ted's been readin' the telephone directory."

Ted wished little sisters knew enough to keep their mouths shut. Some day, though, the family would appreciate his detective work. After supper Ted mysteriously disappeared with the telephone directory under his arm.

The next morning he came to the breakfast table with a look of triumph on his face. He had a right to be triumphant, because for half the night he had looked through the directory for Mellville Exchange 186 and at last, in the S's, was rewarded.

He found that the number belonged to Mr. R. Sanford of 13 Mellville Place. The significant 13 seemed to glare at him from the page, and made cold chills go down his back. He'd find out what Mr. R. Sanford's game was! "Since this is Saturday, I'm going fishing out in the country," Ted announced calmly. "Don't expect me back 'till late."

"Can't I go 'long?" his sister questioned.

"No," Ted answered very shortly.

Later, as he trudged down the road, he wondered if he wasn't just a trifle foolish. The sun was so hot, the road very dusty, his throat parched,

his mouth and lips felt like a ruffle, they were so dry, and his feet were tired from the four-mile walk. His spirits rose when he was finally on the road to Mellville Place. In the distance he could see 13 Mellville Place. It was quite large and very beautiful.

As he approached the handsome house, he noticed a man walking in front of the great iron gate.

"Tell me, my good man," (Ted had thought this sounded sophisticated, and then, too, Sherlock Holmes always said, "My good man,") "who owns this beautiful estate? Could you, perchance (another of Sherlock Holmes' favorite words), show me around the place?"

"Sure, I can tell you," the "good man" grinned; "this is an Insane Asylum, but I can't show you around because today ain't visitin' day, and besides—that's the way two of our inmates escaped; did'ja hear about it? Andrew Hunt got away last Thursday while a crowd of visitors was here, and Richard Bowers got away on Friday, which is also a visitin' day."

Ted stood amazed, dumbfounded.

"Thanks. I thought Mr. Sanford owned this property."

"Oh, he did, but he sold it to some charity people, who want to make it seem like home. I guess even the telephone is in his name."

Homeward bound, Ted began to call himself all kinds of names. "To think of it! My hunting for dope peddlers and bootleggers and finding an Insane Asylum!"

Chagrined Ted literally crept into the house, but not without a word from his sister—

"Say, Ted, how many fish did'ja catch? I don't see any—what did'ja do with 'em?"

"Aw shut up."

Ted went upstairs fully resolved that he would never again do any detective work.

—*Clarissa Ely.*

"QUINCE PRESERVES FOR THE PRODIGAL"

By Alma Holland

Dramatized by Irene Frame

Characters:

Mr. Mayhew—An invalid in a wheel-chair.

Mrs. Mayhew—His wife.

Jasper—A prodigal son.

Philip—Another son, who has lived with his parents and cared for them.

Ursula—Philip's fiance of ten years.

SCENES:

Scene I—The Mayhew farm kitchen in spring.
Scene II—In front of Ursula's home.

SCENE I

Preparations are being made for the return of Mayhew's prodigal son, Jasper. Mrs. Mayhew is bustling about her kitchen. Mr. Mayhew in the wheel-chair.

Mr. Mayhew—"Mother, read Jasper's letter once more, will ye?"

Mrs. Mayhew—"Sure." *(She reads.)*

Dear Folks:

I can't hold out any longer. I have been sick and all the money I had is gone and have no work. I am anxious to see you all. Can I come back?

Jasper Mayhew.

Mr. Mayhew—"An' so he's comin' today?"

Mrs. Mayhew—Yes, Jud. Do you 'member th' time Jappie had th' fever and wouldn't let anybody but you fetch him water? 'Member how good he'd take his medicine fer you when th' rest of us'd have to coax and threaten? But he loved his ol' Mammy too! I got one of his old copy-books upstairs that he wrote in when he was just a little tike goin' t' school; an' one page had a sentence with a word left out—like this—'I love ——— best of all.'" (Hanah Mayhew surreptitiously lifts a corner of her apron to her eye) "an' here Jasper had filled it with the word 'mammy' a hundred and fifty times. I counted 'em!"

Mr. Mayhew—"Yes, yes, Mother."

(Ursula enters)

Ursula—"Hello! Oh, the house is all spic and span for Jasper. I see I am just in time to fix some good things to eat. I must make a cake and some of those iced ginger cookies Jasper liked so well."

Mrs. Mayhew—"Yes, my dear, you must fix some o' those goodies no one kin make jus' like you."

Ursula—"Then you and Mr. Mayhew just go and sit out on the porch and rest awhile and I will get busy."

(Ursula wheels chair out and Mrs. Mayhew follows. Ursula re-enters and Philip enters rear.)

Ursula—"Hello, Philip. Just see what I have brought for a treat for Jasper. Some of those quince preserves of which you are so fond."

Philip (moodily)—"Ursula, are you going to feast the returning prodigal? Ten years have I labored for my parents. You know when Jasper left and took what money there was, the farm was run down and no account. People called it a mortgaged sand-pile. For ten years I have toiled, struggling and sweating, that the farm be made better and free from debt, always with the thought of you waiting patiently and sweetly for me. I have succeeded now. The farm is one of the best in the county. Irrigation, hard work, and study have made it what it is, and now when we are free to marry, comes this unexpected news. Already father talks of part of the farm for Jasper. For Jasper! The farm which is part of my brain and body. I can't share it, so I am going away and leave all. I must make a fresh start.—Ursula, will you wait a little longer?"

Ursula—"I'll wait—a certain time."

Philip—"It isn't fair, Ursula. It's down-right rotten. You do understand, don't you?"

Ursula—"So you will go away tonight?"

Philip—"Yes, I have a little money that is my own. The rest is in a fund belonging to the place. I have enough to get some sort of a start. And—and—you'll wait, Ursula?"

Ursula—"Yes—I'll wait. What else can I do? But ten years is a long time for a woman—longer than for a man. You see, a man lives from the time he begins to work and to conquer and to learn—but a woman don't begin to live until she is married—at least some women, the kind I am. But I'll wait a certain time."

Philip—"But don't you see how it is, girl? Can't you see how I'm suffering?"

Ursula—"Ah! yes, Philip. The years you have toiled and denied yourself have fed your hatred of Jasper. You have been so noble and brave in your struggles. Now, can't you find it in your heart to forgive Jasper?"

Philip—"You ask of me more than I can do."

Ursula—"You are forgetting Scion, the colt you expected to train into the fastest racehorse on the track. I know it is a very dear wish of your heart to win fair with Scion—the fastest thing on legs."

Philip—"There is no use trying to convince me. I am going. I only hope that you will wait—a little, Ursie. I did hope you would understand."

Ursula—"I do understand, Philip. But don't tell your parents you are going. I will come up tomorrow and tell them. (Aside—But he shall not go.) I am going home now. Good-bye."

(Exit Ursula)

(Philip stares moodily out of window.)

SCENE II

(In front of Ursula's home. Ursula is standing at the gate.)

Ursula—"As he passed by on his way to the station with his suitcase, he looked so forlorn and lonely. If only my scheme works. I surely had trouble getting the colt bridled and out of the lot; and how I did hate to strike him. Still, if it accomplishes what I wish, all will be for the best. Surely Scion must have reached him by now. He must soon return." (Pauses) "I believe that is he now. Is it—you, Philip? I have been waitin'—"

Philip—"I didn't see any light as I came by and I thought—"

Ursula—"Oh, Philip, you thought I wasn't waiting for you. Of course, I was watching for you. You must have passed a little early." (Her voice is sweet and tender. She for the first time, apparently, notices Scion.) "Are—are you takin' Scion with you?"

Philip—"No! How d'you suppose he got out? Somebody bridled him! Ursula, I'm afraid someone's got on to the value of him and tried to steal him. I haven't time to go clear back to the house an' I want to leave him here 'til tomorrow. You—sort of keep your eye on him, will you, Ursula? An'—an' tell the folks to watch him pretty close. He may mean some money for 'em one of these days." (He breaks off shortly.)

Ursula—"Oh, well, I wouldn't worry about it. I've always thought that Scion was a pretty ordinary kind of colt!"

Philip—"Ordinary! But, Ursula—you always agreed—"

Ursula—"Yes, I know. But I just did it t' please you. I never really thought—"

Philip—"But think—"

Ursula—"I never saw anything 'specially different about him!"

Philip—"But, girl, it isn't looks!"

Ursula—"Well, acts! He don't seem much like a thoroughbred to me."

Philip—"Give him time—he's young yet—"

Ursula—"Can't you tell by the way they start out whether there's any promise in 'em?"

Philip—"Not always."

Ursula—"Then, Scion just ran away. A good horse wouldn't—"

Philip—"He'd been scared, Ursula, and bridled too tight. He just simply didn't understand it!"

Ursula—"Well, horses have to be bridled. One that'd run away just because it got pinched couldn't be very dependable!"

Philip—"The very finest horses often take a little fling before they settle down."

Ursula (careless and unconcerned)—"Well, anyhow, I just don't see any use in goin' to so much trouble when—so far—there's been nothin' to show for it."

Philip (brief pride)—"Think of Master-Scion, Ursula. One of the best racers on the track. This colt has a good chance to become just like him. And—why not?—they're brothers!"

Ursula (softly)—"Then you hinge your hopes on his brother because he's such a good horse?"

Philip—"Sure! If th' racer was just an ordinary, no-account animal, I'd be foolish to count so much on the colt."

Ursula—"The whole excitement then is not for the one who ran away, but for the elder brother who's amounted to something; an' your joy in the one is because he stands a chance of becomin' like the other—"

Philip (sharp and authoritative)—"Are you talkin' of horses—or—men?"

Ursula (shyly)—"Both. Oh, Philip, don't you see? Can't you understand? You've argued it out yourself!"

Philip—"You mean that the reason the folks are glad Jasper's comin' home—is because—he—may turn out—like—me! Because—I've—allus been—decent?"

Ursula (proudly)—"Yes. They don't stop to think of it, perhaps, but it's you that's the cause of their happiness, Philip—an' the reason for their welcomin' Jasper back. They think he'll turn out like you."

Philip (raises Ursula's head so that he may look in her eyes)—"Then you carried quince preserves to my brother Jasper—"

Ursula—"Because—because—I love—you!"

V. H. S. POEM

I SING of the Valpo High School,
Her honor, her fame, and her greatness,
Her warriors, her maidens, her teachers,
Striving together to make her
Our first and our best Alma Mater.

I sing of her sons famed in battle,
Who with courage her colors defended,
Who fought for her name and her laurels,
On floor, on field, and on gridiron,
At times when her name is at hazzard.

I sing of the grace and the beauty,
Of the girls who urge on our warriors;
Of the girls who, with good will, have aided
To make the goal easier of conquest,
In all things for which we are striving.

I sing of her faculty brilliant,
With zeal, and with patience eternal,
With love for the school they are serving,
By giving us knowledge and training
For the life at which we are aiming.

So here's to those who are loyal,
And those who try their best;
Ne'er we'll shirk, but together work
For the honor of V. H. S.

—*Ruth Van Arsdel.*

SCHOOL CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

4—"Andy" Collins believes in starting the school year right by taking a dainty spill on the platform.

5—Rev. Carpenter razzes the "half-baked." S'matter, is he Billie Sunday's understudy?

6—Announcement is made that Reference Room will not hold students and feet too, (and amputations are so expensive.)

7—Prof. Pauley (won't he love that Prof. stuff) commands in Chemistry Lab., "Call me Claudie."

8—Malcolm Fyfe ends an industrious week by a headlong plunge to the floor. Too bad it had to be in the aisle, so few got the full benefit.

11—All teachers tell us this starts the second week of school—such intellect and such memory!

12—Prof. Jessee punishes Englebert Zimmerman for tardiness by sticking his finger in the poor child's mouth.

14—Setting-up exercises in English VII.

15—Russ leaves—Alice registers heart-breaking grief throughout the day.

18—Weather man tries to kid us into thinking it is summer.

19—Big Pep meeting. (Nine rahs for Muggsy.)

20—As a result of his activities on the football field, Herb appears today fearfully maimed.

21—DeForrest Seymour thought there was only one step up to the platform—now he is convinced there are three.

22—Big "sing"—the kindergarten participates.

25—Rah, rah, rah! Prof. Boucher even comes to look on! Pep? We'll say!

26—Miss Benney to Paul Stevenson—"Paul, I wonder where your skipping spirit could be damned?" Was that slang?

27—Rev. Wharton speaks overtime. Everyone is in terrible suspense.

28—"Tubby" had to forfeit his dignity when fate forced him to fall in a most humble attitude.

29—Afternoon out for the fair.

30—Valpo and Emerson Clash (?) 53 to 0.

OCTOBER

2—Frances Shurr, notorious heavy weight leans nonchalontly on a pointer, shattering it to bits.

3—Miss Sieb is absent—oh History where is thy sting?

4—Herb Mitchell stands on one foot with the other fully a yard from the floor and peeks at Miss McIntyre. Quite a feat we'd say!

5—Marj McGill surprises everyone and gets boy struck.

6—Phillip Corboy tells us "there's always a song somewhere." Maybe so, but where?

9—"Razor" Fenton teaches us how to crack safes.

10—Kenny Kimmel has a black eye. "It may be comedy for some but it's tragedy for me"—Huh, Kenny?

11—A talk the first period this afternoon by Martha Washington's great great great great granddaughter. It sure was great!

12—Nary a week without some misstep, Bones made it this time right off the platform.

13—Friday the 13th. Heavy dew.

16—Cards! "I'll do better next month."
17—Avis Worstell thinks using her feet monotonous and trys walking on her knees.
18—Big time, Senior party. Lincoln Way!
19-20—Teacher's convention—We could not come to school but every one took it well and made the best of it.
23—Study period—and don't think we didn't need it.
24—Leslie Gaston has his annual falling out. He is now singing his new composition, "The floor is a magnet, drawing me nigh."
25—Rev. Gelston gives a beautiful but brief talk to us.
26—Mother Machree again appears on the front board—don't we know that yet?
27—Gabby Pulver tells us of the orphans whose fathers and mothers are dead. Would you believe it? We always thought Gabby was very bright.
30—We read Ode to a "Night in gale"—is that gale or jail?
31—Hallowe'en—more fun tonight.

NOVEMBER

1—Everyone sleepy. Virginia Fisher gets too heavy for the seat. Bang!
2—Ida Campbell: — "That magazine seems to be one devoted to thinkers—I know I could never get anything out of it, Miss Benney."
3—Russ Nixon writes a letter. Of course he didn't mean for it to be read to us.
Brown Day.
6—Oh those excuses! Poor.
7—The trophy has "Seniors" engraved on it. Not a bad idea (and the only way to get it there.)
8—Rev. Wharton tells us of war, that is, advocating peace, y'understand.
9—Mr. Pauley tells of some choice reserved seats on the platform. No thanks! One little boy didn't seem to understand and asked, "How much?" He got one, free.
10—English V performs in celebration of Armistice Day.
13—Rah! Rah! Rah! Seniors—a "nice looking bunch of boys"—and they played a game with the Sophomores, and they have some new light colored corduroy trousers. Voila!
14—Senior pants a shade darker.
15—Somebody said Byron and Shelley went to Italy for their health. Whoever made that remark hit the nail on the head but rather a slangy way to put it.
16—Dickey Mitchell starts to read a poem and is interrupted by the question, "What page?" The result:—"My heart aches, on page 137."
17—Senior Dance went off brilliantly.
20—Blue Monday—why can't the Senior girls decide about their sweaters?
21—What's that bolt of velvet for? Rumors that Miss Weems is getting it for sewing class to practice on.
22—Spelling. Miss Addoms furnishes a new and somewhat higher echo.
23—Senior pants two shades darker.
24—Nathan Worstell does the shirt-tail parade.
27—When it comes to spelling the girls have it all over the boys—see statistics compiled by C. O. P. on the front board.
28—Do your Christmas shopping early.
29—We are presented with a loving cup. 'Sall right and thank you—But say, who got that candy?
30—When Miss Benney asked Ivan what unheard melodies were he said, "Dunno—never heard any"—which, of course, was not at all the thing to say.

DECEMBER

1—"Gerald, take your feet off the magazines" heard daily in the reference room.

2—Senior Vodville—it was good if you don't care what you say.

4—Miss Sieb holds sessions at four bells. Everyone welcome.

5—Marj McGill is decorated (if one would call safety pins decorations.)

6—Miss Ellis misses her chair, but the hall was crowded so not many saw it. Not very many.

7—Father Mungovan speaks to us.

8—Alice Parker takes a little tumble in Botany class.

11—Cards Again!

12—Count your pennies. Bank day today.

13—Phil Corboy has hard time recovering himself enroute to the dictionary.

14—Timmie gets bawled out.—About time!

15—Valpo vs. Culver. You're not so good after all, Culver.

18—Everybody's stumbling. Even Miss McIntyre tries it but it's not much of a success.

19—Mr. Pauley tells Phil just what to do—and believe you me, it takes Pauley to do it!!

20—Everyone ready for monthly tests?

21—William Christy plays some plaintive melodies on his Jew's harp.

22—Out for Christmas Vacation!!

JANUARY

8—Mrs. Reynolds-Wolfe opening a window, "Margaret, if that gets too cold put it down whenever you want to." Bang—and the window is down.

9—Dickey's voice squeaks but we like him just the same.

10—An uneventful day.

11—Mr. Jessee was not notified; athletic night must be postponed, however we think the real reason was that Tubby's white ducks were soiled.

12—How about the little rhymes?

15—Shure shurrer shurrest. Dickens was the last—sounds like the dickens doesn't it?

16—Lucky, calling Phil Deery—"Oh Deery—Oh Deery!" Margaret: "What is it, pet?"

17—Miss Welty is identified as sleuth, she picked Tom Seargant's pocket and found a magazine.

18—Emma Wise has a new dress.

19—Herman Mohnsson entertains the assembly by shall we say chirping?

22—Mr. Jessee has haircut—nuff said.

23—Mr. Jessee has a severe cold. Pneumonia feared.

24—There is considerable trouble about the seating capacity.

25—"Fear death—to feel the fog in my throat?" Oh, why, oh why did I have to say frog in my throat?

26—Senior pants are three shades darker.

29—Fred Wittenburg gets naughty.

30—The lessons are divided in three chief sections. Miss Bielby runs classes on a big scale, ten minutes for recitation and the remainder of the time to take down the assignment. We'll like her!

31—Rev. Carpenter speaks on mirrors. Mr. Jessee told me several of the girls had them. It's true!

FEBRUARY

1—Alberta Muster gets tripped three times on her way to the desk—too much for one **trip,** Alberta!

2—Miss McIntyre asks Jesse Bowman if a section of the kindergarten has escaped. "Tubby" says he really couldn't say.

5—Dorothy Dee, one of Valparaiso's famous songbirds spends a period on the platform for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne."

6—Don't forget your "tardy work."

7—Victor Hembroff is studying!

8—Etching is done in Chemistry lab.

9—Prof. Jessee at Principal's Conference. Miss McIntyre gets through the day somehow alone.

12—Mr. Jessee relates the story of Lincoln, incidentally mentioning the fact that he lived in a log cabin.

13—School dismisses for the "Flu."

19—Back again and oh, what a cough fest—doomed to disappointment. All the exertion was to no avail.

20—Operetta **dancers** please return slippers.

21—Miss Bielby: "Then none of us will have to take a make-up test?" What does she mean?

22—With a resonant crash, the railing on the platform breaks.

23—Lincoln Program—kinda late but v're good.

26—Schedule for the tournament. Everyone is betting odds five to one on Rolling Prairie.

27—It is impossible to distinguish Senior pants from the black corduroys now so popular among the **Shrieks** of V. H. S.

28—Tourney workers selected.

MARCH

1—Let's go!

2 & 3—Tourney goes over big. Valpo beats LaPorte and cleans a bunch of dough, over three hundred clear.

5—Miss Bielby's sister captivates all, especially Chas. Riddle.

6—No use "procrastinating" as to handing back cards.

7—Ida Campbell forgot her gum, and had to come clear back up-stairs to get it before she could consider entering the class room.

8—Some bad boy tripped little Georgie Howser and made him muss his hair.

9—Russ Dillingham can't get away with that—and the book is due soon too.

12—During the "Don't make your toilet in public," lecture Juicy cleans his finger nails. That's improving your time, isn't it?

13—Mr. Jessee sports a jazz-bow!

14—Evangelistic speaking—same old stuff.

15—Tomorrow nite's the big nite for George Douglas. Your turn to step, Herb!

16—Declaration of Independence signed again.

19—Cold wave. Tubby says he and Carl Gruenert are going back to the Sahara—"Too cold up here for us **Shrieks.**" Crazy is back!

20—Mr. Jessee says, "Gee whiz" (only under his breath of course.)

21—First day of spring. The worn-out puppy love speech is brushed up and presented.

22—Pick up the paper—the janitor's sick.

23—"Kid Corboy" (175 lb. division.)

26—Irene Szold visits and is more quiet than she ever was when she attended.

27—Miss McIntyre has a stunning new dress.

28—Tubby only saw two verses (and there were four). "Not at all curious, are you?" remarks Miss Benney.

29—Walter Sievers, Champion Gum-Chewer of English I, exhibits for Miss Stanford.

30—Reverend "Itchy" Jones stumbles into Reference Room. Note: This is not figurative.

APRIL

2—Entire school has "Free Day"—April Fool!

3—Boys' Glee (?) Club entertains. Rev. Wharton speaks.

4—Gabby-146—Lafe-147. U bet they are both popular boys.

5—Terrance Billings carries the big dictionary to his seat. Miss Sowers moves him farther front so he won't have to walk so far.

6—Visitors to inspect the school. Attention, everyone! Now look crowded!

9—Seniors canvass for Annuals, in celebration of which Alberta Muster blossoms forth in chiffon and hair ribbon.

10—Mox Ruge and John Lowenstine resolve that the U. S. should cancel the allied war debt. Frances Shurr and Kenneth Kimmel think otherwise but to no avail.

12—Teacher gets Ovid Grieder's Whiz Bang. Miss McIntyre says: "The depths to which some of these boys descend—reading that **Gee Whiz** Bang."

13—Friday, the 13th; and unlucky for Harold Murray, who attains the "promised seat on the platform."

16—Another talk on tardiness and puppy-love. (They seem to go hand in hand.)

17—Gibby Dye says, "I love a church—I love a cow." He calls it poetry, Oh, Wow!
Mr. Jessee gives us a good argument to attend the Junior Plays.

18—"Heave up, my boys!" How did Vic know we felt that way?

19—Junior and Senior Class pictures. **All** the **girls** moved!

20—Lost: Notebook in cooking! Inanimate objects coming to life.

20—Junior play makes a hit. Yes, George. And what of Herbert? Oh, he turned the pages beautifully.

23—Miss Benney sounds the bugle call for notebooks.

24—Byron Wright airs out his feet in Chemistry class. Mr. Pauley is tempted to scold, but seeing the advantage of Byron's actions, forbears.

25—Edna Hermance bobs her hair and Alice Parker has some new slippers.

26—Back tests at four. Miss Benney. "Wonder who'll have the perfect back?"

27—Roland White spills his marbles in Latin IV.

30—Mr. Jessee compliments the Seniors highly by announcing that (just eliminate that talking, Edith Richards) "If you don't go to the play, you'll miss it."

MAY

1—Sale of angora golf coats! How did we know? Just look at George London, Wayne Zerber and Maurice Stanton.

4—The play was a grand success.

11—Junior-Senior Prom.

19—Junior-Senior Picnic.

20—Baccalaureate.

24—Commencement.

EVENING

AT dusk, when shadows fall,
A drowsy silence hangs a pall
On eventide.
The lowing herds add notes of peace,
And toilers from their labors seek release.

Then comes the time that I love best,
Filled with laughter, fun, and jest,
In the country, at eventide,
At bounds, the dashing hunters ride,
Adding a joyous note
To the lover in his birch-bark boat.

—*Delphyne Corson.*

V H S
A H T L E T I C S

COACH RALPH E. SCHENK

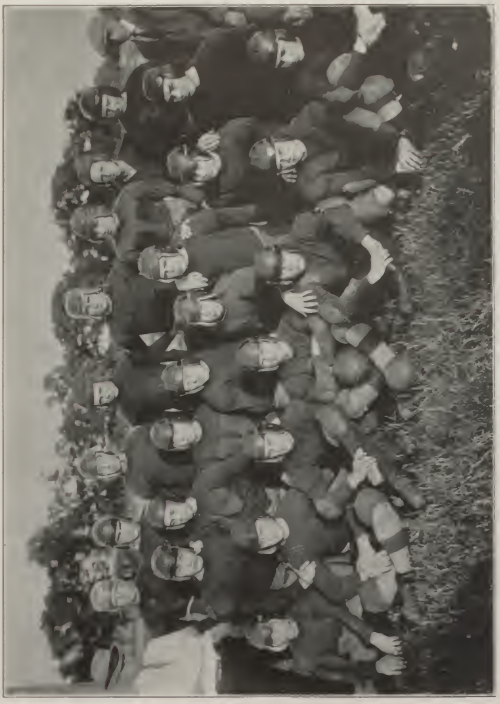
FOUR years ago, Coach R. E. Schenk came to us as one of the best basketball stars that ever played in the state of Indiana. He played three years on the famous Lebanon High School team, helping them to win a state championship, and also played for three years on the State Normal team, so you can judge for yourself how good a man he is.

When he first came here, we were a little shaky as to what our Coach would be like and as to what kind of a team he would turn out, but our fears were soon dispelled. He went into his work at the beginning with the vim and vigor that has characterized his whole work in our High School, and in his first year here he succeeded in turning out one of the strongest basketball teams that has ever played under the Green and White.

With the exception of his first year, he has been handicapped by the lack of abundant material. Considering the four or five hours of practice a week that our team gets, we can truthfully say that we are pleasantly surprised at the results that Coach Schenk has produced.

In his second year here, he revived football, which had been a dead sport of this High School for about eight or nine years. Although his squad was sadly inexperienced, he set to building a successful team with his usual determination, but, we are sorry to say, not with the success that has accompanied his basketball team. Although circumstances were unfavorable, he kept up the football spirit and revived some of the old traditions of the Valparaiso High School. Besides these old traditions he has established some new ones that are very sensible and help to uphold the honor of our High School in the athletic line.

The class of 1923 want to take this opportunity of thanking our Coach for building up our athletics and for upholding the honor of our school in every way during our brief stay here. We also hope that Mr. Schenk will always be successful, and that he will always have the respect of his friends that he has won from us.



THE FOOTBALL SEASON

FIVE games were scheduled on the gridiron this year by Coach Schenk, two of which were played at home, while the remaining three were played on foreign territory. This is only the third year that we have classed football as a major sport at our High School, and of course our boys were greatly inexperienced. Due to this, our team would naturally be somewhat weak. Although we were defeated in each contest of the season, these defeats were taken with the right spirit and we are begining to realize that in time this branch of athletics should be one of the leading ones of the school, and with the right spirit and backing, in the future, we should turn out some of the strongest teams in the country.

The best of these we consider as Captain Riddle, LePell, Seymour, George and Herbert Douglas, Gordon, Gustafson, Parker, Captain-Elect McCord, Wright, Blaese, Shinebarger, and Wittenberg.

The Games

The first game of the season was played at Brown Field against the strong Emerson crew of Gary. The first half of this game, in our estimation, was real football, but during the second period, the local warriors, playing in their first game of the season, seemed to lose their stride. The game ended in a glorious victory—for Emerson. But we've got an alibi—Emerson has a wonderful team. The final score was 52—0.

In the second melee, we met East Chicago on their own soil. Although this was another defeat, we were shown that our team had improved their brand of football over that of two weeks before. The final score, 13—0, is not a true representation of the game, but we have become accustomed to receiving the small end.

One week later, we met a team more nearly in our own class—Goshen—at the latter place. The squad did not do justice to themselves and their week's scrimmages, and as a result we walked off the field with an 18—12 score against us. But, nevertheless, the game was a struggle throughout and we are satisfied.

On the following Saturday, we met the boys from "Rockefeller's birthplace", in the second home matinee. In this contest we can truthfully say that the visitors were completely outplayed throughout the contest, but according to the old tradition, the Oil City lads nosed us out in the last quarter, 16—12. By this game, however, we first began to realize that the boys were finally moulding into a real squad.

But when we were arrayed against the "freak plays" of Logansport on their own field, our football knowledge seemed to have flown. Due to the fact that Logansport has a strong team (and that our Coach's attention was divided), Lady Luck was still against us to the gross amount of 44—0.

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CHARLES RIDDLE, *Captain*
Halfback

"Chuck" was one of the hardest-hitting tacklers on the team, and coupled with his three years' experience, was one of our mainstays in the backfield. Wisdom was shown by his teammates when they selected him as their captain.

FREDERICK LEPELL
Quarterback

"Freddie" was one of the headiest players on the squad and fitted the quarterback position to a "T." This is Fred's third year on the team and next year should make him a real star.

DEFORREST SEYMOUR
Fullback

"Seymour," at fullback, was the man called upon to make gains when gains were needed, and he always responded. We are certain that he will be missed by the whole school next year.

GEORGE DOUGLAS
End

"Doc" played defensive end and offensive halfback throughout the season, and filled both places very ably. George shows a good knowledge of the game, and great things are expected from him next year.

HERBERT DOUGLAS
End

"Herb" plays the same consistent brand of football that his brother does. As a wing man, he has broken up many a play of his opponents, and plays as well on the offensive. Herbert graduates next year.

BRUCE GORDON
Halfback

"Gambooi" alternated with George at end and left half. His strong point was his ability to run and pass, which netted old Valpo many a yard.

HAROLD GUSTAFSON
Halfback

"Gussie" substituted his captain at halfback whenever he was called upon. We like his brand of playing and believe he will be one of the regulars next year.

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Charles Parker
Guard

"Looney" surprised us all with his ability to play football. This was limited neither by his defensive nor offensive. His place in the line will be hard to fill next year.

Allen McCord, *Captain-Elect*
Guard

"Aggs" was the bulwark of our line. His offensive was surpassed only by his own defensive. Allen is now a Sophomore and has a bright future on the gridiron.

Byron Wright
Guard

Byron could take more punishment than any other man on the team, and then come back for more. Whenever a hole was needed in our opponents' line, the ball was played through Byron.

William Blaese
Center

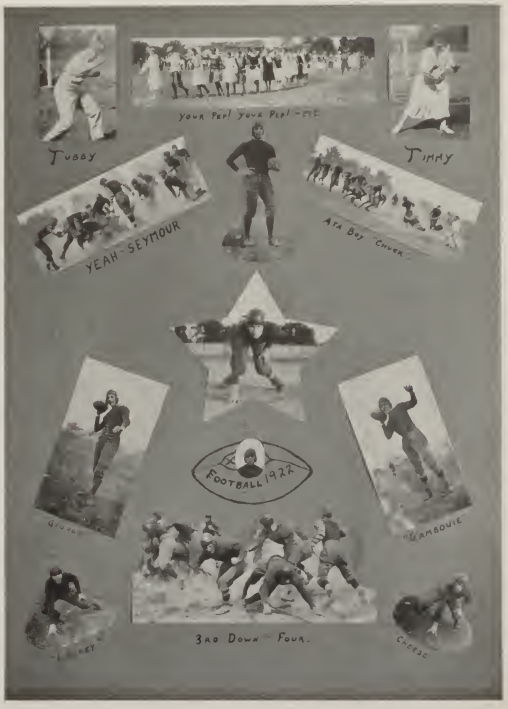
"Bill" held down the center position to perfection. His passes were always accurate and on time. We know his place will be hard to fill next season.

Arthur Shinabargar
Tackle

"Shinny" was one of the coolest and steadiest players on the squad. His playing at tackle was one of the bright lights of the work of the line.

Fred Wittenberg
Tackle

"Cheese" was a hard-hitting and driving tackle and caused more than one opponent to grieve. He has one more year on the team.


Tubby
Your Pep! Your Pep! - Pit
Timmy
Yeah - Seymour
Ata Boy Chuck
Football 1922
Ambouie
3rd Down - Four.
Cheese

THE BASKETBALL SEASON

WHEN Coach Schenk issued his call for candidates for the basketball team, in the latter part of November, a large number of inexperienced boys responded. Of last year's regulars, only two men were in school—Seymour and George Douglas—and two of the substitutes—LePell and Herbert Douglas—remained.

Although the material was not what it might have been, the coach set out with is usual vigor to build up a winning team. Most of the squad was of mediocre ability and there were no shining stars on this year's team, as there have been in the past. Due to this, Coach Schenk found it very difficult to pick a five that would stand above any other quintet on his squad, so every man was given the opportunity to play during the season. The best of the squad consisted of Seymour, George and Herbert Douglas, White, Larson, Brown, LePell and Shurr—the eight boys registered in the tourney.

In spite of our good men, our team seemed to run in "streaks." Even though the season was not so sensational, the boys showed us what they could do in the Tourney. These slumps may be partly accounted for by the fact that some of our regulars were out of the game most of the season. Following is a summary of the season:

GAMES

Valpo (17) at Elkhart (25)

The first game of the season did not cheer us up much, but it gave the Coach a chance to look over his players. This was a good game and Elkhart treated us fine. They are good sports at Elkhart.

Valpo (13) at Emerson (21)

Another defeat! Although our boys worked hard in this game they went under. Although we were beaten, we are still proud of our team.

Froebel (12) at Valpo (6)

Still another defeat!! It seems that our team will never begin to win. This was a wonderful game in spite of our bad luck. Better luck next time.

Culver (14) at Valpo (20)

Hurrah! Lady Luck has at last smiled upon us. It was a great game—for Valpo. Our boys seemed to have found their stride at last and they were dropping them in from all angles.

East Chicago (14) at Valpo (15)

We have kept our streak and are still going strong. This has been the hardest, snappiest, and most exciting game of the season. First our team would be ahead, then the other, but we nosed our rival out in the end.

Alumni (16) at Valpo (22)

The old has-beens did not beat us this time. We put one over on them and gave them a licking, that they will remember, in one of the most thrilling games of this season.

Rensselaer (6) at Valpo (24)

"We have met the enemy and they are ours." We are satisfied. Rensselaer took us into camp last year in the Tourney, so we were especially eager to beat them. We did.

Valpo (32) at Froebel (14)

Lady Luck broke into a broad smile when she looked at us this time. Froebel's floor is one of the hardest floors to play on in our circuit, but the boys did not seem to mind it, and they surely took Froebel into camp.

South Bend (43) at Valpo (12)

There were many downcast faces in the crowd this night, but cheer up, South Bend has one of the strongest teams in the state. Anyway, it was a wonderful game.

LaPorte (24) at Valpo (9)

Valpo surely was in the midst of her slump. The Douglas boys were out, but the subs gave LaPorte some stiff (?) opposition.

Valpo (14) at Lowell (36)

Another rotten score. We seem to always have the short end of the score when the whistle blows, in spite of the good fight our boys put up.

Valpo (31) at LaPorte (36)

Another defeat! LaPorte has a good team, nevertheless we gave them some good opposition in spite of the lop-sided score.

Emerson (18) at Valpo (12)

Although the last game ended in a defeat, we can say that it was the best game. It was absolutely a hair-raiser from start to finish, but toward the last Emerson tossed us out of the race.

Valpo (14) at East Chicago (20)

Well, we had to have pay on East Chicago, so we let them break even with us this year. This also was a very hard and exciting game, the outcome of which was in doubt until the final whistle.

THE SECOND TEAM

We must mention the second team, because without them we could not have a good first string. The boys on the second team were Stanton, Spindler, Kimmel, Parker, Blaese, Lowenstine, Eberhard, Meeks, and McCord.

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De Forrest Seymour, *Captain*

Center

"Seymour," our captain, was the most consistent player on the squad. We should commend him on his training. He has gained a reputation for keystones, and the whole school is sorry to lose him, for he has played his own stellar game on our team for three years. "Seymour" is certain to be a success, because of his stick-to-it-iveness.

George Douglas

Forward

George, one of the snappy "Docs," played a wonderful brand of ball. However, he was handicapped throughout the season by sickness, but he was one of the stars of the tourney. George has one more year with the team, and should be one of the mainstays.

Herbert Douglas

Guard

"Herb" was selected as All-Sectional back-guard and we certainly agree that he has earned the honor. He duplicated the playing of his brother—even by the fact that he was out of the game most of the season. "Herb" also graduates next year.

Kenneth Larson

Forward

"Kack, the midget forward," was high point getter for Valpo. His season's score was greatly helped by his ability for caging free throws. Although he was greatly handicapped by his size, Larson was the speediest and most accurate member of the squad. He is lost to the team this year by graduation.

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Allen Brown

Center

The only regret we have concerning "Brownie's" playing is that he was unable to play at the beginning of the year. Allen made his basketball name in the Tourney, alternating for his captain. His uncanny eye for the basket more than once raised the hopes of the Valpo bleacherites. Brown has two more years on the squad.

Fred White

Guard

"Fritz" was the season's find. As floor guard he was consistent, accurate, and possessed a wonderful ability to handle the ball. White is one of the few who, in the history of the school, has earned a regular berth on the team as a Freshman, and in his next three years should develop into a star.

Frederick LePell

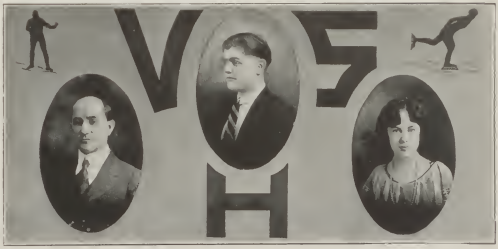
Guard

"Freddie" alternated with "Herb" at back guard and easily showed us his fighting qualities. It is a great comfort to both players and fans to know that a fresh man is waiting on the sidelines ready to get into the fracas. For this, "Freddie" became noted. He will be lost next year.

Harold Shurr

Forward

"Mike" was our popular little substitute forward, always ready to replace either Larson or George. In spite of his handicap, his size, he possessed everything a player could desire—cleverness, speed and accuracy. "Mike" is now a Sophomore.



VALPARAISO HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

EARLY in September, of last year, the Valparaiso High School Athletic Association was organized. This association is organized every year for the purpose of bettering the athletics of the school and for the purpose of having clean sports. It also gives the student body a voice in managing its athletics, and in general it "keeps the old spirit up." Every student is allowed one vote, and each vote counts the same. When this association organizes, it elects a President, a Secretary-Treasurer, a student Basketball Manager, and a student Football Manager.

For President, the students elected Ernest Lembke, an athlete of last year who was ruled ineligible by the five-year ruling of the State Association. He has carried on his work of bettering the athletics of the school better than he could have done if he had not been playing last year.

Eva Kruse was elected Secretary-Treasurer of the organization. Here she has done admirable work. This position is one of the hardest and one of the greatest trust in High School, and we can say that Eva has certainly carried on her work with the greatest ability and care.

Ralph Brenner was elected student Basketball Manager. This position is also one of the hardest in High School. "Jud" had to look after the arranging of all the games, to care, in part, for the gym and equipment at all times. Ralph never has failed us when it comes to that kind of work. He has been student Basketball Manager for three years now, and has done the work so well that no opposing candidates have been placed in the field.

The position of student Football Manager went to Gerald Burke. This is another very difficult job. "Juicy" had to take care of the schedule the same as Ralph did in basketball. He had to take care of the football uniforms, the footballs, the dummy, the showers, and many other little cares that try to send a man to the insane asylum. We can only say that he has done his work to perfection, that he has secured a good schedule for the team for next year, and maintained a high rate of efficiency in his department.

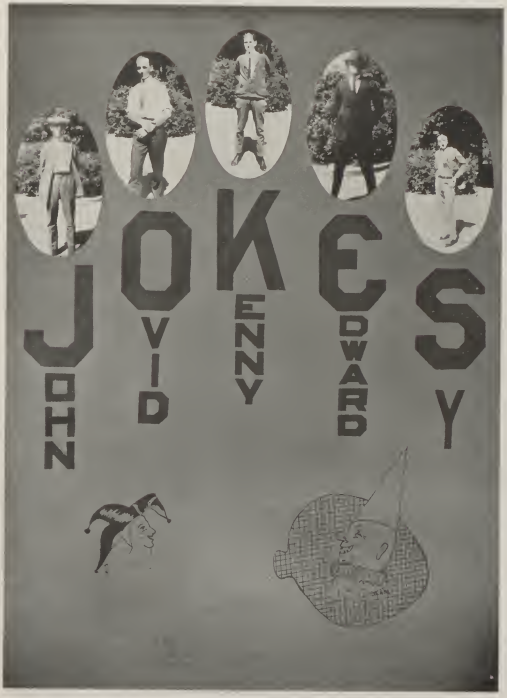
Mr. Jessee, as Principal of the High School, was already faculty manager of the Association. We can do nothing but praise him for the work he has done for the betterment of athletics of the school. He is the one that secured the tourney for us, he secured the gym for us for the season at a reasonable rate, and he secured the gym for us when we received the tourney. Mr. Jessee has done more than any other one person for the promotion of athletics in Valparaiso High School.

The first thing the Athletic Association did was to buy new uniforms for the football team, and when the basketball season opened, we also bought new equipment for the basketball team. After the season closed, the Association presented DeForest Seymour, Ernest Lembke, and Kenneth Larson, all Seniors, with sweaters, in recognition of their services on the basketball team.

In the last meeting of the year, Vernon Hauff was elected Football Manager for next season, and Howard Aylesworth was elected Basketball Manager. The year ended for the Association with very great success, both financially and morally, and we thank the student body for the support and friendship they have shown towards the officers of this Association.

THE STAFF

JESSE BOWMAN	*Editor*
RALPH BRENNER	*Business Manager*
EVA KRUSE	*Assistant Editor*
VICTOR HEMBROFF	*Assistant Business Manager*
GERALD BURKE	*Jokes*
MARY STONER	*Dramatics*
RUTH HERSHMAN	*Music*
ERNEST LEMBKE	*Athletics*
ALICE PARKER	*Society*
CLARISSA ELY	*Class Will*
GEORGE ALBRIGHT	*Prophecy*
MARGARET TIMMONS	*Calendar*
DICKEY MITCHELL	*History*
HERBERT MITCHELL	*Snapshots*
WILMA MAXWELL	*Cartoons*
ALICE FABING	*Alumni*


JOHN
DAVID
JENNY
EDWARD
JESSY

Joke

N the ninth day of March, 1923, during the third year of Harding's administration, the much over-worked Editor-in-Chief and the under-fed Joke Editor performed the sacred and solemn rites of opening the joke box. The events concurrent with the opening of the joke box are too pitiful to mention, but we will state that it was done at the expense of one broken knife blade; the mutilation of the joke box; the bereavement of the two unfortunates hitherto mentioned; and the irritation of Miss McIntyre beyond her degree of self-composure. After all the trials and tribulations in connection with this department, it is our sincere hope that we have produced for your pleasure a joke department that is what the name implies and not a joke.

I rose and gave him my seat;
I could not let him stand,
He made me think of father,
With that strap within his hand.

"Tubby" Bowman: "I think there is something dove-like about you."
"Rutch" Thatcher: "Not really?"
"Tubby": "Sure, you're pigeon-toed."

Mr. Pauley: "Isn't it quite difficult to cat soup with that mustache?"
Ivan Hayhurst: "Well, it's quite a strain."

"Hands off," said the workman as he fell into the buzz saw.

"Ernie" Higley: "Why do you call him skeleton?"
"Mert" Dowdell: "Because he rattles his bones all night."

By Little Martha Mae Shinabarger

The thun ith thetting in the wethi.
It thets there often tho I gueth,
I do not care tho let it thet,
Ith never failed to do it yet.

Pretty Tough

Cannibal Woman: "Have you seen anything of my husband?"
Cannibal Chief: "Not since dinner."

"Edie": "She swears she's never been kissed."
Avis: "Well that's enough to make anyone swear."

A drunk knocking at the door; window opens and a man says: "Hello, what is wanted?"
Chorus: "Come on down and pick out your son."

"Lafe" Aylesworth: "Remember, I am nobody's fool."
"Kate" Philley: "Well, I won't claim you."

"You'll keep still tonight," said the bootlegger to his wife as he left for the bootleggers' convention.

Rastus, were you raised in the South?
Yes, Ma'am, but de rope broke.

The plaintive cry of a clam, bleating for its young, can be easily imitated by pounding on a paving block with a sausage.

"Jack" Blaese: "Why is it that they call some women, Amazons?"
"Cheese" Wittenburg: "Because they are so wide at the mouth."

Quoth the navigator: "Where, oh where, is my wandering buoy tonight?"

He met her in the meadow as the sun
was sinking low,
They walked along together in the twilight afterglow.
She waited until patiently he had lowered all the bars,
Her soft eyes fell upon him as radiant as the stars,
She neither smiled nor thanked him,
For in fact she knew not how,
For he was but a farmer lad,
And she a Jersey cow.

"Mike" Shurr: "A man once told me I looked like you."

"Ike" Hayhurst: "Where is he, I'd like to clean up on him?"

"Mike:" "I shot him."

Subject for Debate

Resolved: That Spearmint gum will keep its flavor on a bed post over night.

"Phil" Deery: "I see you have golf socks on."

"Cy" Gruenert: "Why, what makes you think so?"

"Phil:" "Nine holes."

Freeze Her

I call my girl Niagara—she falls for everybody.

"Fat" McWhinney: "How can I keep my feet from going to sleep?"

Ethel Krudup: "Don't let them turn in."

When Knighthood was in Flower

Fair Lady: "Is there no succor?"

Brave Knight: "Why yes, I'm coming."

Mary Douglas: "I just love Henry Poncher."

Katherine Christy: "Why?"

Mary: "Because no matter where I sit he is always looking at me."

A workman in the shipyards refused to have his baby christened because, as he explained, he was afraid the preacher would hurt the baby when he hit it over the head with the bottle.

Margaret: "Are you good at lip reading?"

"Lucky:" "Only by the touch system."

Professor (in skinny lecture): "Note the luminous effect of this ultra-violet ray on my teeth."

Voice from the rear: "Pass them around, we can't see them."

George Douglas: "Do you know that some men in Italy live on garlic alone?"

Helen Hodges: "Anyone that eats it ought to live alone."

By Gum

"Even I chew Wrigley's," quoth the sparrow, as he downed another worm.

Stage Manager: "All right, run up the curtain."

Green Stagehand: "What do you think I am—a monkey?"

A sailor, coming home unexpectedly, threw his arms around his wife and kissed her. Without turning from her ironing, she murmured: "A quart o' milk and a pint o' cream."

Discovered

Florence Stansell: "I wonder what is the cause of so many divorces?"

Loren Prentiss: "Marriage."

Dumb-bell: "What would you say if I kissed you on the forehead?"

Sweet Thing: "I'd call you down."

"Bones:" "It must be nice to be a man—one dress suit lasts for years and years, whereas a woman must have a new dress for every party."

"Herb" Mitchell: "Yes, that's why one dress suit lasts for years and years."

Constant dropping weareth away a stone, also a set of dishes.

Sayings of the Great

Plutarch: "I am sorry that I have no more lives to give my country."

Samson: "I'm strong for you kid."

Jonah: "You can't keep a good man down."

David: "The bigger they are the harder they fall."

Helen of Troy: "So this is Paris."

Nero: "Keep the home fires burning."

Solomon: "I love the ladies."

Noah: "It floats."

Queen Elizabeth to Sir Walter Raleigh: "Keep your shirt on."

Margaret Bartholomew: "I wonder why they call English the mother tongue?"

"Tom" Bradley: "Because father never gets a chance to use it."

"Aggie": "I had a good joke to tell you, but I'm afraid you are not in the condition to receive it."

Margaret Gustafson: "Why?"

"Aggie": "Because if your face lights up the powder will go off."

Eat, drink and be married for tomorrow you may be sober.

Son: "Papa give me a nickel for a poor man who is crying outside."

Papa: "Surely son, what is the poor man crying?"

Son: "Pop corn—5 cents a bag!"

"Marj" Tousely: "I had eight dates last week."

Lewis M.: "Masculine or dromedary?"

Satisfied

"Any ice today, lady?"

"No, the baker just left a cake."

"Giddap."

Officer: "Haven't you been here long enough to know how to stand at attention?"

Rookie (wearing uniform too big for him): "Sir, I am standing at attention, but my uniform is at ease."

Captain: "Ahoy there, let go the anchor."

Sailor (near the anchor): "I ain't touched it yet."

"Oh breathes there a man with soul so dead
The plowman homeward plods his weary way
The judge rode slowly down the lane, mother
For I'm to be Queen of the May."

A Chicago policeman shot a robber the other day, but he was just a new policeman and didn't know any better.

"Cy" Gruenert: "I can tell you how much water runs over Niagara Falls to a quart."

"Kack" Larson: "You don't say so; how much?"

"Cy": "Two pints."

Lady: "What have you got in the shape of bananas?"

Grocer: "Cucumbers."

"Pat" Hauff: "What shall I do, my girl is running around with a doctor."

"Timmie:" "Give him an apple a day."

First Flea: "Been walking?"

Second Flea: "Nope, been on a tramp."

Awgwan

Adam always trusted Mother Eve. He knew she had nothing up her sleeve.

Ethel Schragg: "I'd hate to be coming down in that parachute."
"Gill" Dye: "I'd hate to be coming down without it."

She: "Don't you think that Chawley is rawther dizzy?"
He: "He runs around in the best circles you know."

Old Timer: "Have a good voyage?"
First Timer: "Oh, yes, that is, roughly speaking."

Pathetic: The youth with an aptitude for figures who doesn't know whether to be a banker or a stage director.

"Buck" Fyfe: "I heard him running."
"Gus" Marks: "You mean you heard his shoes."
"Buck:" "No, his pants."

She: "Are you buying new wraps this fall, dear?"
Her: "No, my husband gives me those every day."

Cheerful Thought

"The Yanks are coming," hummed the dentist, as he prepared for an extraction.

Miss: "She's the apple of his eye."
Fit: "Yeah, a crab apple."
Miss: "Well, she got a Baldwin."

Uncle: "Well Dorothy, how's the matrimonial race coming off?"
Dorothy: "Oh, I'm on my twelfth lap now."

Elizabeth Lamprecht: "If the Lord had only made me a man."
Marion Bell: "Perhaps he has, but you haven't found him yet."

"Andy" Collins: "My father's pen is quite prolific."
Freshman: "Author or artist?"
"Andy:" "Neither, hog raiser."

Harry Hildreth: "How come you don't drink coffee for breakfast any more?"
"Ernie" Lembke: "It keeps me awake all morning."

Mary had a swarm of bees,
And they, to save their lives,
Must go wherever Mary goes—
For Mary has the hives.

"Duke" Lawrence: "Women are not what they used to be."
"Tom" Clifford: "No, they used to be girls."

"Kack:" "Why do you call Alice a queen Bee?"
"Juicy:" "Because I've been stung by her so often."

Dirty Work

"Say there, black man, can't you play honest?"
"Ah knows what cards ah done dealt you."

"Going out?"
"Nope."
"Going in?"
"Nope."
"Where ya going?"
"Outin'."

Memories

Memories

Memories

ALUMNI

THE ALUMNI

IT has always been the custom of the Seniors of Valparaiso High School, in issuing their Annual, to devote a certain portion of the book to the Alumni. This has been a great source of information to former graduates. This year we shall mention the whereabouts only of last year's graduates, and the important incidents in the lives of the whole Alumni.

A large number of last year's graduates are attending Universities and Schools. The following are enrolled in Valparaiso University:

Edward Billings.
Dorothy Dodge.
Paul Ellis.
Doris Hodges.
Nellie Loomis.
Ruth Neff.
Joseph Murvihill.
Frances Tilton.
Lucille Wheeler.
Catherine Darst.

Those attending Indiana University are:

Autumn Bartholomew.
Annette Ketchum.
Constance Parker.
Ronald Stoner.
Dorothy Wark

Glenn Mitzner and Emily Marine are attending De Pauw University at Greencastle, Indiana.

Daniel Erwin and Dorothy Todd are at Northwestern University, in Chicago.

Gertrude Cavanaugh is studying Law at Chicago.

Dorothy Dee is enrolled at Chicago University; Russell Nixon at Wisconsin; Howard Oldham at Purdue; and Margaretta Shinabarger at Gregg School, in Chicago.

Several of the members of last year's class are working. The following are employed within the city:

Fred Christy.
Frances Kulp.
Loring Le Pell.
Elizabeth Wyman.
Ruth Montgomery.

Isadore Simon.
Mary Sanford.
Blanch Wininger.
One member, Arthur Mains, is in Detroit, Michigan.

The following members of the Alumni have been married within the last year:

Marian Albright ('22) to Charles Coyer ('22).
Ruth Benjamin ('22) to J. A. Hahn, San Diego, California.
Catherine Fox ('20) to Jay Grayheck, Valparaiso.
Thomas Crosby ('13) to Clara Rutherford, Columbus, Ohio.
De Forrest Muster ('15) to Beulah Howard, Crown Point, Indiana.
Cecil Davidson ('18) to Beulah Miller.
Mary Ewing ('16) to John Lathers.
Max Specht ('17) to Lillian Johnson.
Emily Dille ('20) to Norman Siedorf.
Blaine Maudlin ('19) to Viola Pinter.
Margaret Briggs ('13) to Max Gardner.
Robert Keeler ('18) to Blanche Edwards.
Daisy Dickover ('23) to Walter R. Foxworthy.
Allen Dalrymple ('18) to Mary Karges.
Martha Heard ('17) to L. R. Jacobs.
Florence Williams ('21) to Gus Georgi.
Marion Osborn ('18) to Howard Clark.
Leone Williams ('20) to Ernest J. Worthington.
Edith Small ('21) to John L. Padreski.

Three deaths have occurred since the last publication of the Valenian:
Frances Powers Green, of the class of 1916.
Emma Hixon Lites, of the class of 1885, and
Maud McKeehan Johnston, of the class of 1883.

One member of this year's class, Mary Stoner, is the daughter of an Alumnus, John D. Stoner, of the class of 1887.

The following officers have been elected by the Alumni Association for the coming year:

President—Richard Fabing.
Secretary-Treasurer—Bessie Long.

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